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MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

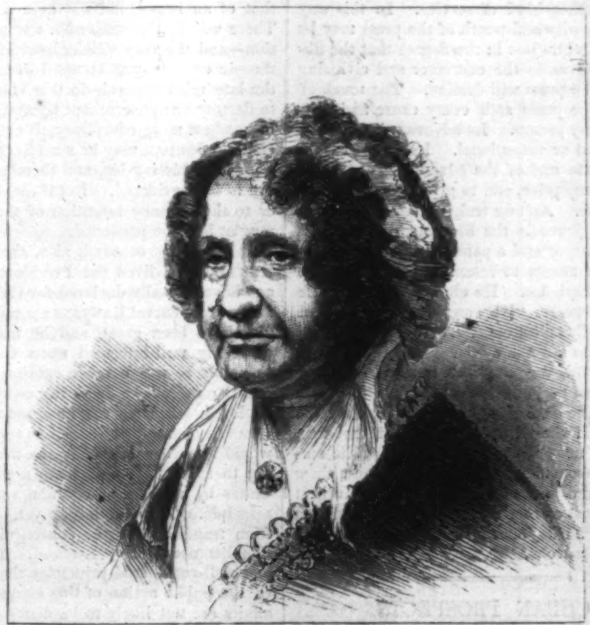
MRS. EMMA WILLARD, whose portrait, taken in advanced years, we give on this page, was born in the town of Berlin, Connecticut, February 23, 1787. Her family, of Puritan stock, were among the earliest settlers in Connecticut. Her father was SAMUEL HART, a man of prominence in his day, both in Church and State, of extensive reading and information, and liberal views in politics and religion. From him his daughter inherited many of those intellectual qualities and traits that made her in after-life one of the most successful and popular of American female educators.

Her first experience in teaching was in 1804, when, at the age of seventeen, she took charge of a children's school in her native town. Her predecessor had been lax in discipline, and the children were accustomed to do just as they pleased. First she tried remonstrance and reasoning, telling them that she was there to do them good—to make them fine boys and girls—but all her pathetic appeals fell on listless ears. The rod was next tried, and before the day wore away the young teacher had nearly worn herself out in the punishment which she was compelled to bestow upon her scholars. But the lesson was well learned, and the whippings never had to be resorted to again. The school soon became a model one—its reputation extended, people came from a distance to inspect it, and by their commendation cheered the heart of the young teacher in what was to become the great work of her life.

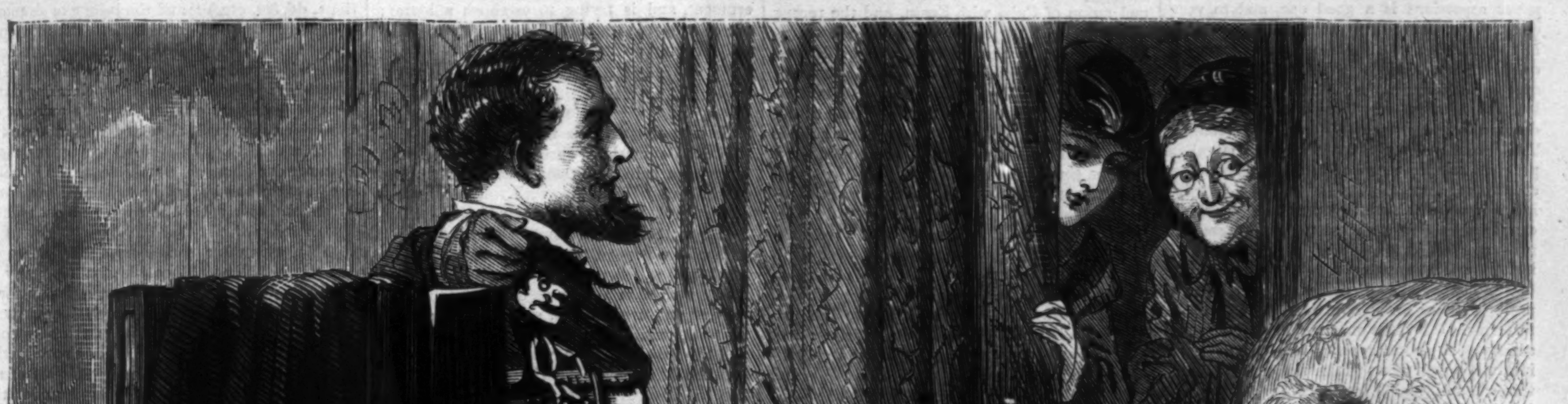
The next two or three years of her life were spent in teaching and study. In 1807 she became assistant in the academy at Westfield, Massachusetts, and soon afterward took entire charge of a female seminary at Middlebury, Vermont. Here she was married to Dr. JOHN WILLARD. The union proved a most fortunate and happy one. Dr. WILLARD was a man of liberal education, and fully sympathized with his accomplished wife in her literary labors and scientific studies. His profession gave her facilities for the study of physiology; and at one time she announced a scientific theory in regard to the circulation of the blood, which has received countenance from eminent members of the medical profession. In consequence of financial losses, Mrs. WILLARD, with her husband's consent, opened a boarding-school in Middlebury, and in 1816 she published an address to the Legislature, proposing a plan for improving female education. In the spring of 1819 she removed her school to Waterford, and two years afterward again removed it, for the last time, and settled permanently in Troy. The Common Council of that city appropriated $4000 toward the expense of maintaining the school.

The career of this famous seminary need not be sketched here. It is well known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Nearly ten thousand young women have been educated within its walls. They came from every section of the country, North, South, East, and West; and, wherever they went, they always carried with them grateful remembrances of their friend and instructor. Her husband died only a short time after the establishment of the school at Troy, and from that time until 1846, when she relinquished the charge to her son and his accomplished wife, the entire responsibility of carrying on the business rested on herself. In the spring of the last-mentioned year she made the tour of the Western and Southern States, accompanied by a niece. Through her long journey of more than 8000 miles, embracing all the principal cities in the States west and south of New York except Florida and Texas, she was every where received by her former pupils with every mark of respect and affection. At seminaries for the education of girls she was welcomed as one of the pioneers in this department of literary training.

Mrs. WILLARD was the author of many educational works, over a million copies of which have been circulated. She was fond of travel, and twice visited Europe—the second time in 1854, to attend the World Educational Convention in London. Her whole life was consecrated to the education and advancement of woman, and her services will always be held in grate-



MRS. EMMA WILLARD.—[PHOT. BY SCHOONMAKER, TROY, NEW YORK.]



PHOTOGRAPHING THE BABY.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE.]

ful remembrance. She lived to see the complete triumph of her views in regard to education, and passed away, at the ripe age of eighty-four, regretted by all who knew her.

[The following poem is not to be found in any edition of Leigh Hunt's works. I am indebted for this copy of it to Mr. Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, the author of a very valuable work entitled "List of the Works of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt." M. D. CONWAY.
LONDON, *March* 25, 1870.]

DIRGE FOR AN INFANT.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

HE is dead and gone—a flower
Born and withered in an hour.
Coldly lies the death-frost now
On his little rounded brow;
And the seal of darkness lies
Ever on his shrouded eyes.
He will never feel again
Touch of human joy or pain;
Never will his once-bright eyes
Open with a glad surprise;
Nor the death-frost leave his brow—
All is over with him now.

Vacant now his cradle-bed,
As a nest from whence hath fled
Some dear little bird, whose wings
Rest from timid flutterings.
Thrown aside the childish rattle;
Hushed for aye the infant prattle—
Little broken words that could
By none else be understood
Save the childless one who weeps
O'er the grave where now he sleeps.
Closed his eyes, and cold his brow—
All is over with him now!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870.

THE LIBERTINE PRESS.

THE conduct of the Prince of Wales has been very freely criticised by the press both in England and this country, and a suit for slander has now been brought in his name against a newspaper in Sheffield, which had stated that he would soon be implicated in another action for divorce. The fact calls attention to the extreme freedom of personal comment by the press in both countries. It is a liberty which has become license. It has been so abused that nobody of experience or intelligence now believes any damaging personal comment in the newspapers without further proof. The rule of taking no notice of newspaper aspersions is a good one, and to very conspicuous persons it is an unavoidable one; but it is undeniable that the constant reiteration of a slander produces an effect. The pecuniary success of what may most truly be defined as blackguard newspapers shows that there is a decided popular taste for personal scandal. The inroads of the records of what is called personal intelligence upon the best newspapers are another illustration of it. And the practice is now pushed to such an extreme that nobody can be sure that his most private letters and most unguarded words may not be served up for the public amusement.

The consequence of this practice is that the press becomes formidable not by reason, but by terror. It levies a universal black-mail upon society. A person appears as a reporter, and instantly a man who shrinks from notoriety, and with whom the public has no concern, is tempted to propitiate him by servility or to bribe him to silence. But as the most honorable of men will not serve as purveyors of scandal for the public, those who will serve have every body at their mercy. They may distort and invent at their pleasure; and he is a very foolish fellow who believes that people say what the interviewer elaborately reports them as having said. We have known a reporter to call upon a gentleman, who told him that he had nothing whatever to say upon the subject suggested, and wished not to be publicly mentioned in any manner. But the jackal, knowing that his lion, the public, was hungry, printed a story of the interview, with all the remarks that were not made. It is an illustration of what happens daily; and nothing is more truly edifying than to see such a newspaper pluming itself upon its defense of public morality. Indeed, the papers which endeavor to establish a control by terror, the ROBESPIERRES and MARATS of the press, imitate their prototypes. As MARAT called his sheet the *Friend of the People*, so these papers assume to be the especial guardians of public virtue.

The remedy for this primarily lies in the editorial profession, and not in the public. It is useless merely to denounce and decry the libertinism of the press as shameful. All sin is shameful; but many sins are profitable, and men love money. No editor or proprietor would publish a blackguard newspaper at a constant loss; any more than a man would keep a gambling-house or worse unless he made money by it. A quarter of a century ago there were periodical attacks in the other newspapers upon the New York *Herald*. It was decried as a disgrace to journalism, as a moral nuisance and pest. But the *Herald* kept on its course and flourished exceedingly, and has survived, apparently still prosperous, many of its warmest assailants. The bursts of moral indignation spent themselves without result. The truth is that the public wants entertainment in a newspaper. It is not news only that it seeks, nor didactic morality, and there is a large part of the public that delights in personal scandal. The same curiosity that carries old people to look at the dead body of a person whom they never knew, or that draws the young people to crowd a church to see the marriage of those in whom they have no interest, whets the appetite of thousands of readers for every kind of gossip.

Now, if shrewd and honorable editors make an interesting paper without pandering to the blackguard taste of the public, they detach from the support of the blackguard papers those who buy them because they find them more entertaining than others; and thus the line will be drawn. The blackguard papers will not be ruined, indeed, for they can always count upon a fellow-feeling in a certain part of the public. But honorable men who become journalists will prefer to make money honorably, and will decline the other kind of service. In this way the real dignity and worth of the press may be advanced, while just in the degree that the libertinism increases the character and civilizing power of the press will decline. The touch of the libertine press soils every cause as it dishonors every person. Its advocacy is felt to be either venal or sensational. Its object is that of the pirate and of the adventurer—to make money at any price, and to give its baseness the finest name. Among truly sagacious and self-respecting journals the libertine newspaper is what a sharper and a pander is among gentlemen. He affects to resemble them. But he listens at keyholes. He cheats at cards. He lies and swears. He swaggers and cringes. He is a bully and a coward. Gentlemen avoid him, and do not name him.

It is in this way that the encroachments of the libertine press in this country are to be opposed. The active work must be done by the editors. If they denounce and then embrace, they must not be surprised that the public embraces without denouncing. They must show that libertinism is not essential to the liveliest and the most attractive of newspapers, and then the blackguard journals will go to their own place and patrons.

CUBAN PROSPECTS.

THE chief Republican leader in Spain, CASTELLAR, has declared strongly for the continued union of Cuba with Spain, and the recent accounts from the island show that the struggle languishes. General BANKS evidently does not think the moment favorable for pressing his resolution in the House of Representatives, and he was wise enough not to appear at the late meeting in this city. It is not a subject upon which it is safe to speak with confidence; but the conditions of union proposed by Señor CASTELLAR, if adopted, would certainly remove all suspicion of oppression upon the part of Spain. Señor CASTELLAR would have, first, slavery abolished; second, custom-houses abolished, to take from Cuba the idea of separation and from the United States the desire of annexation; third, the extension to the Cubans of all the rights of Spanish citizens; and fourth, local self-government. If the local self-government involved the power of taxation and of general financial control, so that Cuba should not be made tributary to Spain, it is not probable that serious resistance would continue upon the island.

Señor CASTELLAR and his friends naturally think that it was rather hard for the Cubans to select, as the moment of the rising against Spain, the very time at which they had risen against Queen ISABELLA and the régime that had made Spain odious to Cuba. If the revolution, when fully established and organized, had refused justice to Cuba, an armed protest might have commanded the sympathy of the world. But that sympathy has never been given, because when the black roll of old Spanish oppressions was recited, it was instantly answered that similar oppressions at home had also produced a revolution, the expulsion of the old Court, an appeal to the people, and a republican influence in the Cortes. By what right, therefore, it was asked, do you plunge Cuba into all the inevitable horrors and sufferings of war upon the plea of old oppressions, until you know that the new system will continue them? And to this question there was no answer.

The strenuous appeal for active sympathy with the insurrection in Cuba, by referring to the revolution of the Spanish American colonies fifty years ago, has constantly failed for the same reason. If the Spain against which Mexico rebelled still existed, the Cuban revolt might have been hailed by a very different feeling in this country. We may be very sure that JAMES OTIS and the fathers of our Revolution would have paused to await the issue if, just as they felt the armed struggle to be unavoidable, a victorious revolution against the tyranny of the British Government had taken place in England. They would have said, and wisely, that revolution was not a good thing in itself, and that the appeal to arms can never be justified while there is yet a fair chance of peaceful remedy. And they would have insisted that the movement in the mother country offered the fairest possible chance for avoiding war. An oppressed people, indeed, is not likely to be prudent. But if its leaders are not prudent they betray their cause.

The truth was, that the Cuban revolution had been planned before that in Spain was known. It was to begin almost simultaneously. And when the news of the Spanish movement came it paralyzed, without wholly preventing, that in Cuba. From that paralysis it has never recovered. It may be the misfortune of brave and devoted men, but the Cuban revolution has evidently never seemed to the American mind the heroic rising of an outraged people resolved to break the hand of the oppressor, and entitled to our national admiration and sympathy. It has seemed from the beginning a speculation. The real actors in the affair were apparently a knot of persons in New York. There was talk of a government which has always been as shadowy as that of Barataria, and which, claiming to be that of an island, did not hold a single port. There was further talk of a war of emancipation—and the only visible head of the philanthropic crusade was General JORDAN, one of the late rebel generals in this country, urgent to destroy our government because it could not be made a mere conspiracy to extend slavery. General JORDAN may be a soldier who sells his sword and his service, and therefore not a person to be considered. But if that be so, doubts as to the humane intention of the Cuban war may at least be pardoned.

It is stoutly asserted, also, that if General RAWLINS had lived the President would long ago have virtually declared for Cuba. The influence of General RAWLINS upon the President may have been great, and he may have been especially well-informed upon Cuban affairs. Certainly he was a noble soldier and an honorable man, whose death the country sincerely deplored. But we see no reason in General GRANT's character or career to suppose that he would have been eager in the matter, or willing to tarnish the fair renown of the United States by a policy of emotion rather than of principle. The end is not yet. Spain is far from tranquil; and the conscription seems, at this distance, to be ill-advised. But the great and well-considered principles that have guided the public action of this country in foreign affairs are not likely to be disregarded by this Administration. It certainly is not hostile to Spain, which has thrown off an intolerable government, and is trying to establish a better; nor is it hostile to those Cubans who are honestly striving for independence.

A FRIEND INSULTED.

THE contempt with which the Senate has treated Denmark, a small but most friendly power, is a stain upon the national honor. Our own Foreign Secretary, with the concurrence of the President, urged a treaty upon Denmark for buying St. Thomas, and Denmark declined. The offer was persistently renewed, until Denmark was satisfied that it was made in good faith; and, after a long negotiation, constantly pressed and urged by us, a convention agreeable to the wishes and proposals of the President and Secretary of State was signed by the accredited Minister of the United States, on the 24th of October, 1867. It was to have been ratified by the 24th of February, 1868. That day passed without so much as a word from the Foreign Committee of the Senate. Eight months later, an additional extension was agreed upon by the Secretary of State and the Danish Minister, making a year from the date of the convention. That day passed without the slightest notice from the Senate. Under the new Administration the term was again extended until the 14th of April, 1870. That day passed with the disdainful silence of the Senate. The convention is, of course, at an end, and General RAASLOFF, the Danish Minister of War, one of the ablest of the Danish statesmen, and recently Minister of Denmark in this country, to whom the negotiation was first proposed, who was necessarily trusted by his Government, and who was unwilling to believe that the United States would treat with contempt a friendly power which they had themselves solicited to negotiate, has offered his resignation to the King.

In the St. Thomas treaty there was no job, no plunder. It secured us a naval station amidst a friendly population—perhaps the best in the Gulf—whose assent to the transfer was unanimous. If we must have an island in the West Indies, there was none more desirable. It would have very slightly increased our population: it was involved in no debt and in no war. The proposal for its acquisition was the act of our Executive, and the contemptuous silence with which the Senate has treated the convention not only insults a power which has no remedy, and, therefore, puts us in the attitude of a bully, but it will necessarily incline every government in the world to listen with the utmost incredulity to every proposal of a negotiation with this country, and tend to the constant mortification of our foreign ministers.

ARCADE RAILROAD.

THE annual gathering of the Legislature has come to be regarded with serious apprehension; and it is therefore an inexpressible relief to know that its hundred days have nearly expired. The presence of individual members among the people may be counteracted, as it is easier to deal with foul matter diffused than in accumulated masses. If the people are true to themselves, the position at home of those who in legislative halls have brought disgrace upon the system under which they assemble will be made to correspond with this formidable infliction. Each year's experience shows a decisive advance in corruption; but in the Arcade Railroad bill the policy of proceeding in that direction by successive steps has been abandoned, and at a single bound all prudence has been dismissed. The bill confers a right to take whole parks away from the public as a free gift to the incorporators, and subjects to their power hundreds of millions' worth of private property.

The corruption which is now so general in municipal and State legislation owes its origin and progress almost entirely to street railroads. Prior to the grant to the Sixth and Eighth Avenue roads, made in the first instance by the Common Council, the city was honestly governed; but the passage of these measures, and the action which followed, earned for the Common Council of that day the title of the Forty Thieves. A grant of a Broadway Railroad was made at about the same time, and by the same authority; and whoever will take the trouble to look over the names of grantees and officers of roads of that day will find among them and their friends the most conspicuous authors of the wide-spread corruption that prevails. It threatens to destroy every safeguard for public and private protection. The power to establish these roads having been held not to be an incident of municipal authority, the scene of these abuses was transferred to the State Legislature; and the result is that honest men, one after another, have been expelled from public life in an unavailing contest with these powerful interests. A majority has been established at Albany who legislate only for pecuniary rewards, and in the direction of selfish interests.

The constitutional restriction that private property shall not be taken for public use "without *just* compensation" is in effect neutralized by the provisions of this bill, which declares that "in proceedings to ascertain the value of the property taken" (meaning for stations, dépôts, etc.) "and the injury or damage sustained, the question of benefit shall be considered, and when it shall appear that the construction of said road will enhance the value of *the property of the* person or party claiming damages to an amount greater than the amount of the injury sustained, then and in that case the claimants shall not be entitled to recover more than nominal damages; and in case the benefits are less than the injury, the claimants shall only be entitled to recover the excess of such damage or injury."

This, which is a sample of the injustice of the whole bill, would entitle the company to take any property in Broadway, and pay for it by the supposed advantage which the construction of the road, in the view of friendly commissioners, may confer on the unproductive property of the owner in the upper part of the island. Of course, in taking land under this power the Company will be sure to ascertain how much other property may belong to the owner over which they may distribute the value of what they take for stations, dépôts, and other purposes.

The furthest extent hitherto reached is that of gradually sequestering private property through a system of increased and increasing taxation. The tax eaters, in carrying out this agrarian policy, allow the advantage to the owner of a partial and somewhat prolonged enjoyment; but this bill is sudden and effective in its operation, and the benefit to unproductive property may be set off against the productive which the corporators may covet.

The owner is driven to the "Supreme Court of the first judicial district of this State, and not elsewhere," for his remedies to enjoin this iniquity; and the motion for it may be made only at a special term, and after eight days' notice. Some of the press which affects to feel a great horror because vacancies on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States have been filled with judges of loyal antecedents, support the Arcade Railroad bill, notwithstanding that it subjects the rights of individuals to the mercies of a tribunal selected in the interests of an antagonist. It thus appears that a fundamental principle incorporated in the Bill of Rights, established for public safety, is held in perfect contempt by the Legislature, as it is expected by them that it will be so held in the tribunal constructed for the purpose.

But on grounds of mere convenience the power over the business of the city which the bill confers will be considered one of its worst features. The travel and transportation conducted over Broadway are driven there because there is no other convenient avenue not occupied with railroads. The bill supposes th these interests will for a reasonable time, to be judged of by the Company, be interrupted, and provision is made, as the construction of the road proceeds, only for public *travel*. The omission in the bill to require temporary bridges for the transportation of merchandise as well as travel is doubtless due to the desire to save the expense of a heavy structure, but it is at the sacrifice of the business of the city. By an amendment the Commissioner of Public Works of the City of New York may compel the erection of temporary bridges for such travel, and compel the execution of the work below Fourteenth Street in such manner as no to interfere with the surface of Broadway except under such conditions as he may prescribe. But what can be expected from this source?

No compensation is provided for the incidental loss to owners on Broadway in rents and profits which must inevitably follow. Their property may be isolated by excavation and deprived of any revenue. The work may be delayed for a year and a half, and then five years may be consumed, not counting any time lost in litigations. But it will take infinitely longer to complete the road. By what right can property owners on this line be subjected to irreparable loss?

An examination of the provisions of the bill will show that it disregards the principle on which the right to take private property for public use is founded; that it subjects the business of the city to the control of speculators in public grants; that it exposes property owners to spoliation and exactions; that it closes the door of the ordinary tribunals of the State against them; and places our parks in the power of those who will not scruple to convert them into railroad property.

GLIMPSES OF "THE DEMOCRACY."

The four months' session of Governor Hoffman's "honest" New York Legislature is drawing very reluctantly to an end. The Democratic party, which has had a majority in both branches, came into power last autumn with two promises upon its lips. One was to restore—as its phrase was—to the city of New York the right of self-government; and the other, to secure a stricter economy in the public expenditure. It kept its first promise by giving the appointment of every chief officer in the city of New York, for four years and more, to a Mayor elected last year. As for its economy, let us hear the words of an ardent Democrat, the special Albany correspondent of the *World:*

> "I should have some patience with the huge tax if it were for the necessary expenditure of the costly life of a great State, but so much of it is so recklessly ordered; and even in a party sense, men are not true to their party when they allow it to drift into a severity of taxation beyond former years.
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> "And so unnecessary millions are wrung out of a people just faintly recovering from the effects of the war, and all this because so few men are found capable of perceiving and resisting the combinations which are formed. The Legislature acts like men sitting round a common object of plunder, and extorts out of the State all that is possible.
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> "This session ought to end Saturday at noon of this week. If the people of the State knew how much they would be spared of reputation and treasure by such vacation of the Capitol, they would almost, physically, re-enact the ejectment process by which Cromwell and Napoleon thrust out the legislatures of their day."

Nothing could be added to such statements as illustrative of the character and methods of the dominant party in the State.

But they will be of use if they remind those who are inclined to think that any change is for the better, that the Democratic party is one that does not and can not learn. Thus, one of its committees or associations in Philadelphia has been lately gravely discussing whether the Democratic party will or will not resist the recent Constitutional Amendments, and it issues "a declaration," which is an extremely comical document. The "declaration" sets forth, among other great truths, that "the Democratic party was created to proclaim and defend this system of government." Considering that the rebellion to overthrow it by arms was waged by the most conspicuous Democratic leaders, and had none but Democratic support and sympathy; that the Democratic Convention of 1864 insisted upon surrender to the rebellion; and that of 1868 favored the repudiation of the debt incurred in suppressing it—this point of the "declaration" is historically amusing.

The "declaration" proceeds to state that "the enemies of the Constitution" have been in power since 1860, and that they have continually made mince-meat of it ever since—especially, probably, under the Appomattox apple-tree. They have been perpetrating acts of "fraud, force, and violence," of which the Philadelphia Committee "proclaims its abhorrence." The same virtue abhorred the malefactor Lincoln and the butcher Grant, and its "declaration" smacks dismally of a Mr. Ingersoll, who does the Philadelphia Democratic thunder, or of the patriotic Mr. William B. Reed, who in 1863 awaited with ineffable complacency the arrival of the Christian hero, General Lee, in the city of brotherly love, and was grievously disappointed that he did not come.

This is the kind of political business to which the Democratic party devotes itself when it is out of power, and how full it is of promise to the peace and good feeling of the country is evident to him who reads as he runs. Where the party is in power, as in New York, it does not fulminate against the enemies of the Constitution, but it is thrifty like the Tammany Ring. It cultivates abstractions, but of another kind than the Philadelphia "declaration." It wrings taxes out of the people, according to the Democratic witness we have quoted. It sits "round a common object of plunder, and extorts out of the State all that is possible." This is congenial and familiar work. I salute the honest Legislature, said the Governor when the honesty of his party at the polls secured its ascendency; we shall now behold long-needed reforms. What a perceptive Governor it is!

THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Among the bills passed by the lower branch of the New York Legislature is one which deserves attention, partially reorganizing the present system of educational supervision in the State. It is in accordance with the suggestions of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, to which we recently alluded. The bill constitutes a Board of Education, of which the Superintendent is the head, and in which the Board of Regents are made a bureau. There are to be thirty-two Regents instead of nineteen as now. They are to be elected as now by joint ballot of the Senate and Assembly; but while the present members are to remain, as they were elected, for life, or at the pleasure of the Legislature, the new members are to retire every ten years. The Regents are hereafter to report to the Superintendent, instead of to the Legislature as hitherto; while their present duties are to continue, and they are still to be unpaid.

For reasons which we have already stated we can not see that this change is thorough enough to be of any essential service. It goes just far enough to be mischievous. It merely deprives the Board of Regents of its independent dignity, and does nothing else. The Board, in obedience to a resolution of the last Senate, has just made a brief report to that body, showing that it has already every desirable power of a board of visitation of colleges and academies, and declaring that no change in its present organization would make it more efficient for that purpose. And we confess that we are unable to see how the efficiency of this Board would be increased by requiring it to report to the Superintendent instead of to the Legislature, and by limiting the term of membership to ten years. Nor do we understand why an unpaid post for ten years in a bureau of the Board of Education should be considered more honorable than membership for life of the present Board, reporting directly to the Legislature.

It seems to us that the constitution of the present Board should remain unchanged, or that it should be abolished and its duties discharged by paid officers in a Department of Education. For such a reform there may be very serious arguments. But there can be none for merely degrading the present Board, which is all that seems to be accomplished by the proposed bill.

LAW AND LICENSE.

The public has various serious interests in the M'Farland trial quite apart from the merits of the case. One of them is the question whether a lawyer, under pretense of defending an accused person, may heap the foulest epithets upon other persons without rebuke from the court or redress of any kind? If an editor who in his paper calls somebody a swindler or a liar is liable to an action for damages, may a lawyer in open court call any body a thief, a forger, an assassin, and—if a woman—a strumpet, a pander, a procuress, without any kind of remedy? Is it to be tolerated, for instance, that a lawyer, hard driven to invent a theory by which his client may escape, shall publicly say that he intends to prove Mr. Peter Cooper to be a hoary old hypocrite, an abandoned villain, a forger, and a burglar? Would not the dignity of the bench, the decency of the bar, instantly silence such an advocate? And if they did not, would not public opinion justly regard them so far as sharers of the offense?

If the lawyer introduces no evidence to sustain this charge, what then? Should the jury convict the prisoner, do they not simultaneously convict the advocate of the grossest libel; and ought not prisoner and advocate to be sentenced together? And if the jury acquit the prisoner, although the verdict be not in the least affected by the advocate's aspersions of Mr. Cooper, will not the result be popularly held to justify them, and Mr. Cooper be accounted a proved hypocrite and rascal? When such practices as these are tolerated by the Judge of one of the high criminal courts in the city of New York it is only too plain that the reputation of those courts will be still more degraded, and the paramount necessity of the late movement toward a rescue of the character of the profession here becomes still more evident.

Another public concern is the general character of the defense in criminal trials. That in the M'Farland trial has been a furious assault upon the living and the dead. The more violent the epithets which the counsel could apply to persons and events, the more satisfied they seem to have been. The intention apparently was to carry the jury by a storm of vituperation, and by an immense affectation of virtue. The murdered man—before any thing whatever was proved—was treated as an unspeakable villain, defiant of divine and human laws. This strain in the court was echoed by many newspapers. Every body who did not instantly cry, "Served him right!" whenever the victim's name was mentioned, was in sore peril of denunciation as a "free-lover" by the spotless Bohemians who parade themselves as the body-guard of public virtue. A case involving the gravest considerations, in which the guilt or innocence of the dead and of the living could be made evident only upon the most careful scrutiny, was attempted to be decided by a loud outcry before the vital facts were known.

It seems to have been wholly forgotten that if there was a man upon trial for his life, there was also a woman upon trial for her character, which is more precious than life. She was not indeed formally arraigned, but every word spoken involved her good name. It is a merciful maxim of the law that every accused person shall be held innocent until proved guilty. But there was an eager haste to brand this woman as an adulteress before adultery was proved. The murdered man was denounced as a seducer before his body was cold. And why? For no other purpose than to prejudice the public mind so that the result of the trial might be a foregone conclusion. It was unmanly. It was most dishonorable. If it is to be received as a settled point of the social code that the husband may justifiably shoot the seducer of the wife, at least let us not justify him before the fact is proved.

SARAH WINNEMUCCA.

Sarah Winnemucca, an Indian girl in Nevada, has written a very sagacious letter to Indian Commissioner Parker. She says what all the intelligent and, at least, semi-civilized Indians have always said, and constantly repeat. Sarah is the daughter of Winnemucca, the chief of the Pah-utes, and she states that the civilization offered to them upon their reserve was worse than the barbarism of savage life. If the agents had been honorable the Indians would have remained. But they could not consent to starve. Nor has she any doubt that they would willingly try to maintain themselves by their labor if "they could be made to believe" that they could securely enjoy the fruit of it. At the military posts the Indians get enough to eat and "considerable cast-off clothing;" but, she asks, "how long is this to continue?" It will take more soldiers to confine the Indians to reservations upon which they are starved and maltreated than to keep them in subjection. On the other hand, if they are sure that they can acquire a permanent home, and that the white neighbors can be prevented from encroaching, then, with proper teaching, "I warrant that the savage, as he is called to-day, will be a law-abiding member of the community fifteen or twenty years hence."

Prophecies, as Mr. Seward could teach Sarah Winnemucca, are dangerous. But it is surely worth while to make the effort to try an honest policy with the Indians. If there are savages who will not be tamed, at least there are a great multitude of Indians of whom what this letter says is true. And if it shall turn out that there is no Sarah Winnemucca, and that no such letter was ever written, its statements will still remain as the plea and protest of thousands of the Indians.

NOTES.

If the artists who paint the portraits of famous men do a great service for the world, how much greater is that of those who tell us the story of good men's lives! When we read of a neighbor of whom we had never heard, and discover that he was gentle and pure and devoted, that his influence was as lofty and his character as spiritual and morally heroic as those of any of the legendary saints, our sense of the richness and power of life is deepened, and our own good endeavors are strengthened. Such a story is told in a little book called the "Way, Truth, and Life," a memoir of the late Rev. N. A. Staples, of Brooklyn, written with singular grace and charm by his friend and successor, John W. Chadwick. It was a life without events: short, active, unselfish. But the character of Mr. Staples was so lovely, his spirit was so pure, his views of duty and of the religious nature and relations of men so lofty, that the little memoir, and the few extracts from his writings which accompany it, are an addition as modest as they are valuable to the list of good books.

A delightful book of travel is Professor James Orton's "The Andes and the Amazon," just published by the Harpers. Mr. Orton landed at Guayaquil, crossed the shoulder of Chimborazo to Quito, made the tour of the volcanoes under the equator, then descended the long eastern slope of the continent, and by the river Napo reached the Amazon, down which he sailed to Para upon the Atlantic coast, and thence came home. His description of the incidents of travel is simple and very charming, and his account of the people, scenery, and natural history of the mountain and river region is that of an accomplished scholar who knows how to gratify the most intelligent curiosity. His book is not only pleasant and lively, but it is of permanent value.

It is stated that Mr. Vallandigham authorizes the announcement that "under no circumstances" will he be a candidate for the House of Representatives at the next election. But, it is added, his friends propose that "he shall attend to his......business until the next Senatorial election." If friends always gave politicians such sound advice they would be invaluable. It is a pity, however, in this case, that the friends had not advised him to attend to his business after the Senatorial election also, for that will not in the least interfere with such attention. Mr. Vallandigham will never come so near political honors again as when he was defeated for Governor by a hundred thousand majority.

We are glad to remark that the United States flag-ship *Severn* has gone to Santiago de Cuba to inquire into the outrage, which we recently mentioned, upon Mr. Phillips, the United States Consul at that port.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 18.—In the Senate, a resolution of inquiry was adopted as to alleged charges of an attempt to improperly influence the vote of Senators on the Georgia bill.—In the House, a bill was introduced, and passed by a vote of 86 to 83, for the apportionment of the next Congress, fixing the number of members at 275, exclusive of representatives from newly-admitted States.

April 19.—In the Senate, Mr. Chandler endeavored unsuccessfully to introduce a resolution looking to the annexation of the Winnipeg country to the United States.—In the House, nearly the whole day was taken up with the Tariff bill.

April 20.—Very little was accomplished in the Senate; and in the House, the discussion of the day was on a resolution to admit J. H. Sypher as Representative for the First Congressional District of Louisiana. The election in that district was finally declared invalid.

April 21.—In the Senate, the principal business of the day was the passage of the Northern Pacific Railway bill.—Nothing of any importance was accomplished in the House.

April 22.—In the Senate, a long debate occurred on Mr. Chandler's resolution looking to the annexation of the Winnipeg country as a Territory. It was finally referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Among other bills passed was one to repeal the act of 1803, prohibiting the importation of persons of color into certain States. This is the last law on the statute-books in reference to slavery.—In the House, the Tariff was the main topic of the day, the sections discussed being those relating to certain classes of iron.

April 23.—The Senate was not in session.—In the House, the Senate amendment to the Income-tax bill was reported back and debated at length. The House finally refused to concur, and also refused to ask for a committee of conference.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The lower house of the New York Legislature has passed a bill repealing the Registry law throughout the State, except in the city of New York, and one to amend the Election law so as to give colored people the same rights as white voters—in accordance with the provisions of the Fifteenth Amendment.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives, after a long debate, has rejected the proposed amendment to the State Constitution enabling women to vote and to hold office.

The Prince Edward Island Legislature has rejected, by a large majority, a resolution in favor of confederation with Canada.

The remains of the late Minister Burlingame, which arrived here April 19, on the German steamer *Silesia*, were interred with appropriate ceremonies, on April 23, in Mount Auburn Cemetery, near Boston.

The Fenian scare still continues in Canada, and every preparation has been made to give the raiders a warm reception, should they venture across the border. A Fenian "Congress" convened in New York April 19, and continued in session several days. The meeting is supposed to have had reference to the proposed invasion of Canada.

The Supreme Court of the United States has denied the motion of the Attorney-General for a rehearing in the case of Hepburn and Griswold—involving the legal-tender question in regard to contracts made previous to the passage of the Legal-Tender act—on the ground that none of the judges who concurred in that decision desired a rehearing.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported that the papal police in Rome are active in seizing and destroying pamphlets against the dogma of Infallibility.

In the Tyrol, a strongly Catholic province of Austria, there is a wide-spread movement in favor of secession from the Romish Church in case the dogma of Infallibility is promulgated.

The Fenians are again becoming troublesome in England. They have threatened to mob the offices of the London *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, and both establishments are guarded by the military.

Legal proceedings have been instituted against the Sheffield (England) *Daily Telegraph* for asserting that the Prince of Wales would be a co-respondent in the Divorce Court in the case of the Earl *vs.* the Countess of Sefton.

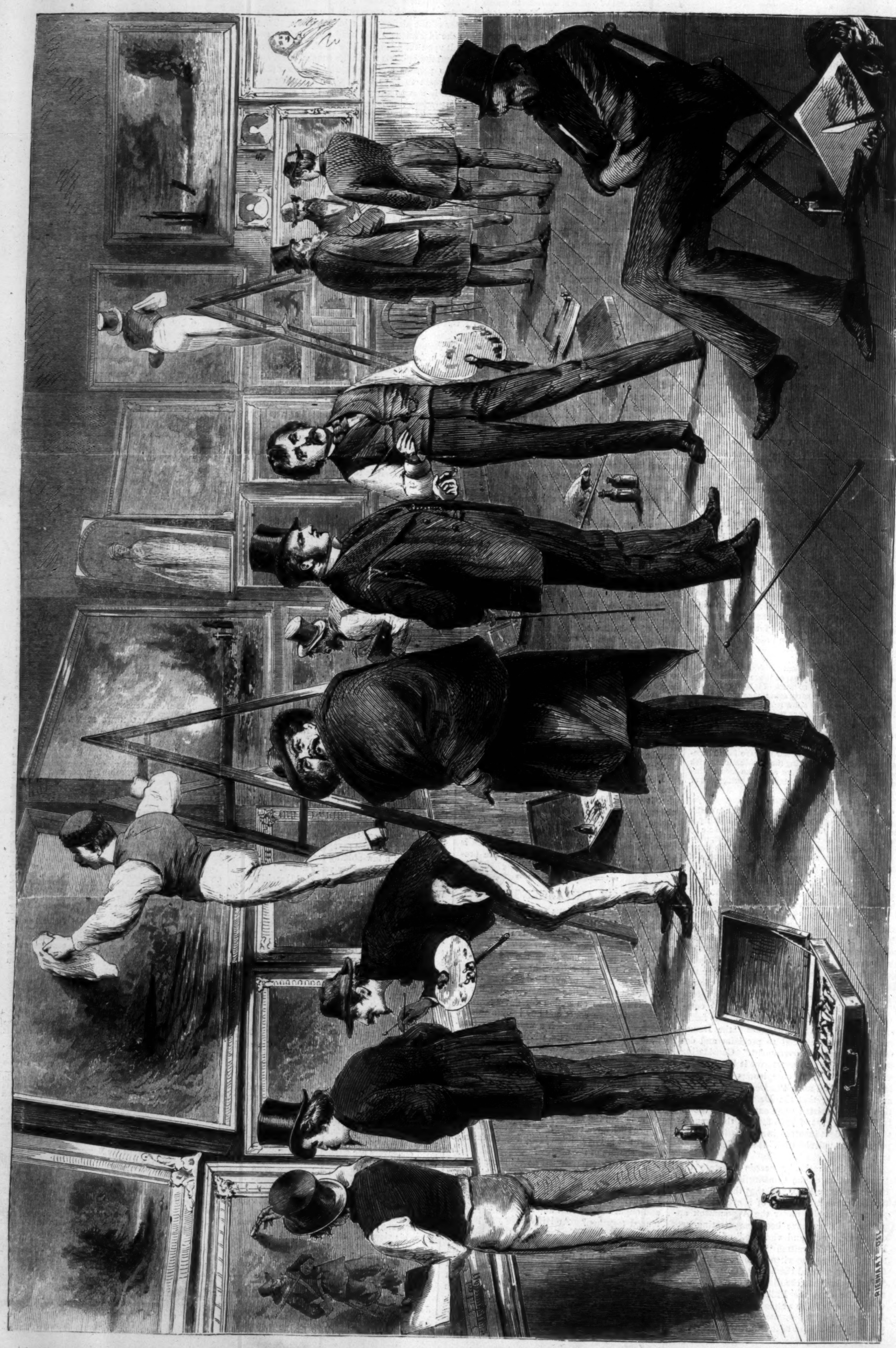
On the 24th of April the Emperor of France issued a proclamation in regard to the *plebiscitum*, in which he reviews the reforms of the last ten years, and calls upon his supporters to ratify them, and by this means "place order and liberty on a solid basis," the fruit of which will be stability of political institutions and the peaceful transmission of power to the heir to the throne.

The workmen in Paris are uneasy, and great numbers of them have struck for higher wages and industrial reforms.

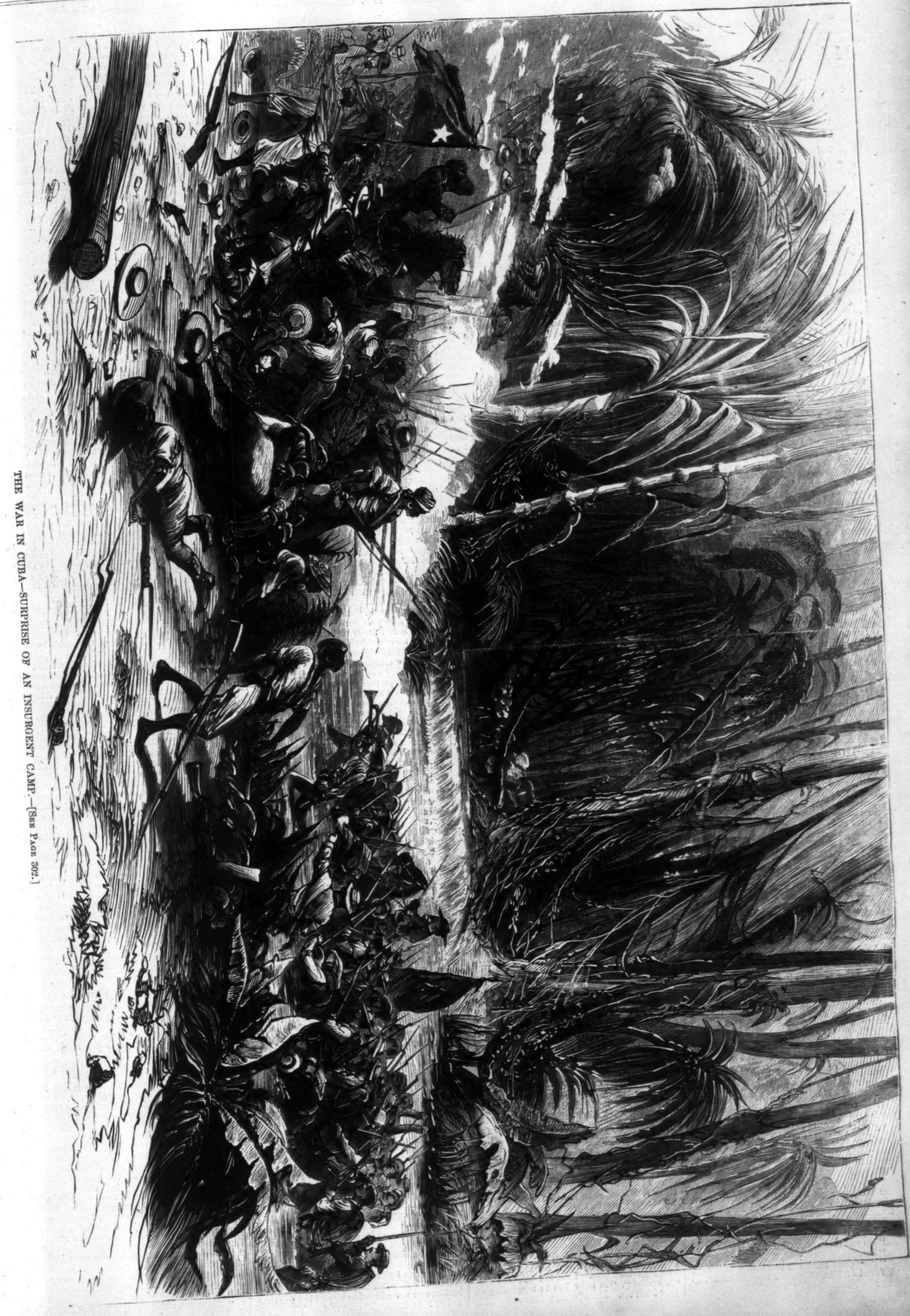
Count Bismarck is seriously ill at his country seat in Pomerania.

A party of travelers, including several persons of high rank, recently captured by Greek bandits near Athens, have been murdered by their captors.

The city of Lisbon, Portugal, suffered from a severe tornado on the 12th ult. Several persons were killed and a large number seriously injured, and great damage was done to the buildings. Many vessels at anchor in the Tagus were wrecked.


REINHART—DEL

VARNISHING DAY AT THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 302.]



THE WAR IN CUBA—SURPRISE OF AN INSURGENT CAMP.—[See Page 302.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

NINTH SCENE.—THE MUSIC-ROOM.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

JULIUS MAKES MISCHIEF.

Julius Delamayn was alone; idly sauntering to and fro, with his violin in his hand, on the terrace at Swanhaven Lodge.

The first mellow light of evening was in the sky. It was the close of the day on which Anne Silvester had left Perth.

Some hours earlier, Julius had sacrificed himself to the duties of his political position—as made for him by his father. He had submitted to the dire necessity of delivering an oration to the electors, at a public meeting in the neighboring town of Kirkandrew. A detestable atmosphere to breathe; a disorderly audience to address; insolent opposition to conciliate; imbecile inquiries to answer; brutish interruptions to endure; greedy petitioners to pacify; and dirty hands to shake: these are the stages by which the aspiring English gentleman is compelled to travel on the journey which leads him from the modest obscurity of private life to the glorious publicity of the House of Commons. Julius paid the preliminary penalties of a political first appearance, as exacted by free institutions, with the necessary patience; and returned to the welcome shelter of home, more indifferent, if possible, to the attractions of Parliamentary distinction than when he set out. The discord of the roaring "people" (still echoing in his ears) had sharpened his customary sensibility to the poetry of sound, as composed by Mozart, and as interpreted by piano and violin. Possessing himself of his beloved instrument, he had gone out on the terrace to cool himself in the evening air, pending the arrival of the servant whom he had summoned by the music-room bell. The man appeared at the glass door which led into the room; and reported, in answer to his master's inquiry, that Mrs. Julius Delamayn was out paying visits, and was not expected to return for another hour at least.

Julius groaned in spirit. The finest music which Mozart has written for the violin associates that instrument with the piano. Without the wife to help him, the husband was mute. After an instant's consideration, Julius hit on an idea which promised, in some degree, to remedy the disaster of Mrs. Delamayn's absence from home.

"Has Mrs. Glenarm gone out, too?" he asked.

"No, Sir."

"My compliments. If Mrs. Glenarm has nothing else to do, will she be so kind as to come to me in the music-room?"

The servant went away with his message. Julius seated himself on one of the terrace-benches, and began to tune his violin.

Mrs. Glenarm—rightly reported by Bishopriggs as having privately taken refuge from her anonymous correspondent at Swanhaven Lodge—was, musically speaking, far from being an efficient substitute for Mrs. Delamayn. Julius possessed, in his wife, one of the few players on the piano-forte under whose subtle touch that shallow and soulless instrument becomes inspired with expression not its own, and produces music instead of noise. The fine organization which can work this miracle had not been bestowed on Mrs. Glenarm. She had been carefully taught; and she was to be trusted to play correctly—and that was all. Julius, hungry for music, and resigned to circumstances, asked for no more.

The servant returned with his answer. Mrs. Glenarm would join Mr. Delamayn in the music-room in ten minutes' time.

Julius rose, relieved, and resumed his sauntering walk; now playing little snatches of music; now stopping to look at the flowers on the terrace, with an eye that enjoyed their beauty, and a hand that fondled them with caressing touch. If Imperial Parliament had seen him at that moment, Imperial Parliament must have given notice of a question to his illustrious father: Is it possible, my lord, that *you* can have begotten such a Member as this?

After stopping for a moment to tighten one of the strings of his violin, Julius, raising his head from the instrument, was surprised to see a lady approaching him on the terrace. Advancing to meet her, and perceiving that she was a total stranger to him, he assumed that she was, in all probability, a visitor to his wife.

"Have I the honor of speaking to a friend of Mrs. Delamayn's?" he asked. "My wife is not at home, I am sorry to say."

"I am a stranger to Mrs. Delamayn," the lady answered. "The servant informed me that she had gone out; and that I should find Mr. Delamayn here."

Julius bowed—and waited to hear more.

"I must beg you to forgive my intrusion," the stranger went on. "My object is to ask permission to see a lady who is, I have been informed, a guest in your house."

The extraordinary formality of the request rather puzzled Julius.

"Do you mean Mrs. Glenarm?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Pray don't think any permission necessary. A friend of Mrs. Glenarm's may take her welcome for granted in this house."

"I am not a friend of Mrs. Glenarm. I am a total stranger to her."

This made the ceremonious request preferred by the lady a little more intelligible—but it left the lady's object in wishing to speak to Mrs. Glenarm still in the dark. Julius politely waited, until it pleased her to proceed further, and explain herself. The explanation did not appear to be an easy one to give. Her eyes dropped to the ground. She hesitated painfully.

"My name—if I mention it," she resumed, without looking up, "may possibly inform you—" She paused. Her color came and went. She hesitated again; struggled with her agitation, and controlled it. "I am Anne Silvester," she said, suddenly raising her pale face, and suddenly steadying her trembling voice.

Julius started, and looked at her in silent surprise.

The name was doubly known to him. Not long since, he had heard it from his father's lips, at his father's bedside. Lord Holchester had charged him, had earnestly charged him, to bear that name in mind, and to help the woman who bore it, if the woman ever applied to him in time to come. Again, he had heard the name, more lately, associated scandalously with the name of his brother. On the receipt of the first of the anonymous letters sent to her, Mrs. Glenarm had not only summoned Geoffrey himself to refute the aspersion cast upon him, but had forwarded a private copy of the letter to his relatives at Swanhaven. Geoffrey's defense had not entirely satisfied Julius that his brother was free from blame. As he now looked at Anne Silvester, the doubt returned upon him strengthened—almost confirmed. Was this woman—so modest, so gentle, so simply and unaffectedly refined—the shameless adventuress denounced by Geoffrey, as claiming him on the strength of a foolish flirtation; knowing herself, at the time, to be privately married to another man? Was this woman—with the voice of a lady, the look of a lady, the manner of a lady—in league (as Geoffrey had declared) with the illiterate vagabond who was attempting to extort money anonymously from Mrs. Glenarm? Impossible! Making every allowance for the proverbial deceitfulness of appearances, impossible!

"Your name has been mentioned to me," said Julius, answering her after a momentary pause. His instincts, as a gentleman, made him shrink from referring to the association of her name with the name of his brother. "My father mentioned you," he added, considerately explaining his knowledge of her in *that* way, "when I last saw him in London."

"Your father!" She came a step nearer, with a look of distrust as well as a look of astonishment in her face. "Your father is Lord Holchester—is he not?"

"Yes."

"What made him speak of *me?*"

"He was ill at the time," Julius answered. "And he had been thinking of events in his past life with which I am entirely unacquainted. He said he had known your father and mother. He desired me, if you were ever in want of any assistance, to place my services at your disposal. When he expressed that wish, he spoke very earnestly—he gave me the impression that there was a feeling of regret associated with the recollections on which he had been dwelling."

Slowly, and in silence, Anne drew back to the low wall of the terrace close by. She rested one hand on it to support herself. Julius had said words of terrible import without a suspicion of what he had done. Never until now had Anne Silvester known that the man who had betrayed her was the son of that other man whose discovery of the flaw in the marriage had ended in the betrayal of her mother before her. She felt the shock of the revelation with a chill of superstitious dread. Was the chain of a fatality wound invisibly round her? Turn which way she might, was she still going darkly on, in the track of her dead mother, to an appointed and hereditary doom? Present things passed from her view as the awful doubt cast its shadow over her mind. She lived again for a moment in the time when she was a child. She saw the face of her mother once more, with the wan despair on it of the bygone days when the title of wife was denied her, and the social prospect was closed forever.

Julius approached, and roused her.

"Can I get you any thing?" he asked. "You are looking very ill. I hope I have said nothing to distress you?"

The question failed to attract her attention. She put a question herself instead of answering it.

"Did you say you were quite ignorant of what your father was thinking of when he spoke to you about me?"

"Quite ignorant."

"Is your brother likely to know more about it than you do?"

"Certainly not."

She paused, absorbed once more in her own thoughts. Startled, on the memorable day when they had first met, by Geoffrey's family name, she had put the question to him whether there had not been some acquaintance between their parents in the past time. Deceiving her in all else, he had not deceived in this. He had spoken in good faith, when he had declared that he had never heard her father or her mother mentioned at home.

The curiosity of Julius was aroused. He attempted to lead her on into saying more.

"You appear to know what my father was thinking of when he spoke to me," he resumed. "May I ask—"

She interrupted him with a gesture of entreaty.

"Pray don't ask! It's past and over—it can have no interest for you—it has nothing to do with my errand here. I must return," she went on, hurriedly, "to my object in trespassing on your kindness. Have you heard me mentioned, Mr. Delamayn, by another member of your family besides your father?"

Julius had not anticipated that she would approach, of her own accord, the painful subject on which he had himself forborne to touch. He was a little disappointed. He had expected more delicacy of feeling from her than she had shown.

"Is it necessary," he asked, coldly, "to enter on that?"

The blood rose again in Anne's cheeks.

"If it had not been necessary," she answered, "do you think I could have forced myself to mention it to *you?* Let me remind you that I am here on sufferance. If I don't speak plainly (no matter at what sacrifice to my own feelings), I make my situation more embarrassing than it is already. I have something to tell Mrs. Glenarm relating to the anonymous letters which she has lately received. And I have a word to say to her, next, about her contemplated marriage. Before you allow me to do this, you ought to know who I am. (I have owned it.) You ought to have heard the worst that can be said of my conduct. (Your face tells me you have heard the worst.) After the forbearance you have shown to me, as a perfect stranger, I will not commit the meanness of taking you by surprise. Perhaps, Mr. Delamayn, you understand, *now*, why I felt myself obliged to refer to your brother. Will you trust me with permission to speak to Mrs. Glenarm?"

It was simply and modestly said—with an unaffected and touching resignation of look and manner. Julius gave her back the respect and the sympathy which, for a moment, he had unjustly withheld from her.

"You have placed a confidence in me," he said, "which most persons in your situation would have withheld. I feel bound, in return, to place confidence in you. I will take it for granted that your motive in this matter is one which it is my duty to respect. It will be for Mrs. Glenarm to say whether she wishes the interview to take place or not. All that I can do is to leave you free to propose it to her. You *are* free."

As he spoke the sound of the piano reached them from the music-room. Julius pointed to the glass door which opened on to the terrace.

"You have only to go in by that door," he said, "and you will find Mrs. Glenarm alone."

Anne bowed, and left him. Arrived at the short flight of steps which led up to the door, she paused to collect her thoughts before she went in.

A sudden reluctance to go on and enter the room took possession of her, as she waited with her foot on the lower step. The report of Mrs. Glenarm's contemplated marriage had produced no such effect on her as Sir Patrick had supposed: it had found no love for Geoffrey left to wound, no latent jealousy only waiting to be inflamed. Her object in taking the journey to Perth was completed when her correspondence with Geoffrey was in her own hands again. The change of purpose which had brought her to Swanhaven was due entirely to the new view of her position toward Mrs. Glenarm which the coarse common-sense of Bishopriggs had first suggested to her. If she failed to protest against Mrs. Glenarm's marriage, in the interests of the reparation which Geoffrey owed to her, her conduct would only confirm Geoffrey's audacious assertion that she was a married woman already. For her own sake she might still have hesitated to move in the matter. But Blanche's interests were concerned as well as her own; and, for Blanche's sake, she had resolved on making the journey to Swanhaven Lodge.

At the same time, feeling toward Geoffrey as she felt now—conscious as she was of not really desiring the reparation on which she was about to insist—it was essential to the preservation of her own self-respect that she should have some purpose in view which could justify her to her own conscience in assuming the character of Mrs. Glenarm's rival.

She had only to call to mind the critical situation of Blanche—and to see her purpose before her plainly. Assuming that she could open the coming interview by peaceably proving that her claim on Geoffrey was beyond dispute, she might then, without fear of misconception, take the tone of a friend instead of an enemy, and might, with the best grace, assure Mrs. Glenarm that she had no rivalry to dread, on the one easy condition that she engaged to make Geoffrey repair the evil that he had done. "Marry him without a word against it to dread from *me*—so long as he unsays the words and undoes the deeds which have thrown a doubt on the marriage of Arnold and Blanche." If she could but bring the interview to this end—there was the way found of extricating Arnold, by her own exertions, from the false position in which she had innocently placed him toward his wife!

Such was the object before her, as she now stood on the brink of her interview with Mrs. Glenarm.

Up to this moment, she had firmly believed in her capacity to realize her own visionary project. It was only when she had her foot on the step that a doubt of the success of the coming experiment crossed her mind. For the first time, she saw the weak point in her own reasoning. For the first time, she felt how much she had blindly taken for granted, in assuming that Mrs. Glenarm would have sufficient sense of justice and sufficient command of temper to hear her patiently. All her hopes of success rested on her own favorable estimate of a woman who was a total stranger to her! What if the first words exchanged between them proved the estimate to be wrong?

It was too late to pause and reconsider the position. Julius Delamayn had noticed her hesitation, and was advancing toward her from the end of the terrace. There was no help for it but to master her own irresolution, and to run the risk boldly. "Come what may, I have gone too far to stop *here*." With that desperate resolution to animate her, she opened the glass door at the top of the steps, and went into the room.

Mrs. Glenarm rose from the piano. The two women—one so richly, the other so plainly dressed; one with her beauty in its full bloom, the other worn and blighted; one with society at her feet, the other an outcast living under the bleak shadow of reproach—the two women stood face to face, and exchanged the cold courtesies of salute between strangers, in silence.

The first to meet the trivial necessities of the situation was Mrs. Glenarm. She good-humoredly put an end to the embarrassment—which the shy visitor appeared to feel acutely—by speaking first.

"I am afraid the servants have not told you?" she said. "Mrs. Delamayn has gone out."

"I beg your pardon—I have not called to see Mrs. Delamayn."

Mrs. Glenarm looked a little surprised. She went on, however, as amiably as before.

"Mr. Delamayn, perhaps?" she suggested. "I expect him here every moment."

Anne explained again. "I have just parted from Mr. Delamayn." Mrs. Glenarm opened her eyes in astonishment. Anne proceeded. "I have come here, if you will excuse the intrusion—"

She hesitated—at a loss how to end the sentence. Mrs. Glenarm, beginning by this time to feel a strong curiosity as to what might be coming next, advanced to the rescue once more.

"Pray don't apologize," she said. "I think I understand that you are so good as to have come to see *me*. You look tired. Won't you take a chair?"

Anne could stand no longer. She took the offered chair. Mrs. Glenarm resumed her place on the music-stool, and ran her fingers idly over the keys of the piano. "Where did you see Mr. Delamayn?" she went on. "The most irresponsible of men, except when he has got his fiddle in his hand! Is he coming in soon? Are we going to have any music? Have you come to play with us? Mr. Delamayn is a perfect fanatic in music, isn't he? Why isn't he here to introduce us? I suppose you like the classical style, too? Did you know that I was in the music-room? Might I ask your name?"

Frivolous as they were, Mrs. Glenarm's questions were not without their use. They gave Anne time to summon her resolution, and to feel the necessity of explaining herself.

"I am speaking, I believe, to Mrs. Glenarm?" she began.

The good-humored widow smiled and bowed graciously.

"I have come here, Mrs. Glenarm—by Mr. Delamayn's permission—to ask leave to speak to you on a matter in which you are interested."

Mrs. Glenarm's many-ringed fingers paused over the keys of the piano. Mrs. Glenarm's plump face turned on the stranger with a dawning expression of surprise.

"Indeed? I am interested in so many matters. May I ask what *this* matter is?"

The flippant tone of the speaker jarred on Anne. If Mrs. Glenarm's nature was as shallow as it appeared to be on the surface, there was little hope of any sympathy establishing itself between them.

"I wished to speak to you," she answered, "about something that happened while you were paying a visit in the neighborhood of Perth."

The dawning surprise in Mrs. Glenarm's face became intensified into an expression of distrust. Her hearty manner vanished under a veil of conventional civility, drawn over it suddenly. She looked at Anne. "Never at the best of times a beauty," she thought. "Wretchedly out of health now. Dressed like a servant, and looking like a lady. What *does* it mean?"

The last doubt was not to be borne in silence by a person of Mrs. Glenarm's temperament. She addressed herself to the solution of it with the most unblushing directness—dextrously excused by the most winning frankness of manner.

"Pardon me," she said. "My memory for faces is a bad one; and I don't think you heard me just now, when I asked for your name. Have we ever met before?"

"Never."

"And yet—if I understand what you are referring to—you wish to speak to me about something which is only interesting to myself and my most intimate friends."

"You understand me quite correctly," said Anne. "I wish to speak to you about some anonymous letters—"

"For the third time, will you permit me to ask for your name?"

"You shall hear it directly—if you will first allow me to finish what I wanted to say. I wish—if I can—to persuade you that I come here as a friend, before I mention my name. You will, I am sure, not be very sorry to hear that you need dread no further annoyance—"

"Pardon me once more," said Mrs. Glenarm, interposing for the second time. "I am at a loss to know to what I am to attribute this kind interest in my affairs on the part of a total stranger."

This time, her tone was more than politely cold—it was politely impertinent. Mrs. Glenarm had lived all her life in good society, and was a perfect mistress of the subtleties of refined insolence in her intercourse with those who incurred her displeasure.

Anne's sensitive nature felt the wound—but Anne's patient courage submitted. She put away from her the insolence which had tried to sting, and went on, gently and firmly, as if nothing had happened.

"The person who wrote to you anonymously," she said, "alluded to a correspondence. He is no longer in possession of it. The correspondence has passed into hands which may be trusted to respect it. It will be put to no base use in the future—I answer for that."

"You answer for that?" repeated Mrs. Glenarm. She suddenly leaned forward over the piano, and fixed her eyes in unconcealed scrutiny on Anne's face. The violent temper, so often found in combination with the weak nature, began to show itself in her rising color, and her lowering brow. "How do *you* know what the person wrote?" she asked. "How do *you* know that the correspondence has passed into other hands? Who are you?" Before Anne could answer her, she sprang to her feet, electrified by a new idea. "The man who wrote to me spoke of something else besides a correspondence. He spoke of a woman. I have found you out!" she exclaimed, with a burst of jealous fury. "*You* are the woman!"

Anne rose on her side, still in firm possession of her self-control.

"Mrs. Glenarm," she said, calmly, "I warn—no, I entreat you—not to take that tone with me. Compose yourself; and I promise to satisfy you that you are more interested than you are willing to believe in what I have still to say. Pray bear with me for a little longer. I admit that you have guessed right. I own that I am the miserable woman who has been ruined and deserted by Geoffrey Delamayn."

"It's false!" cried Mrs. Glenarm. "You wretch! Do you come to *me* with your trumped-up story? What does Julius Delamayn mean by exposing me to this?" Her indignation at finding herself in the same room with Anne broke its way through, not the restraints only, but the common decencies of politeness. "I'll ring for the servants!" she said. "I'll have you turned out of the house."

She tried to cross the fire-place to ring the bell. Anne, who was standing nearest to it, stepped forward at the same moment. Without saying a word, she motioned with her hand to the other woman to stand back. There was a pause. The two waited, with their eyes steadily fixed on one another—each with her resolution laid bare to the other's view. In a moment more, the finer nature prevailed. Mrs. Glenarm drew back a step in silence.

"Listen to me," said Anne.

"Listen to you?" repeated Mrs. Glenarm. "You have no right to be in this house. You have no right to force yourself in here. Leave the room!"

Anne's patience—so firmly and admirably preserved thus far—began to fail her at last.

"Take care, Mrs. Glenarm!" she said, still struggling with herself. "I am not naturally a patient woman. Trouble has done much to tame my temper—but endurance has its limits. You have reached the limits of mine. I have a claim to be heard—and after what you have said to me, I *will* be heard!"

"You have no claim! You shameless woman, you are married already. I know the man's name. Arnold Brinkworth."

"Did Geoffrey Delamayn tell you that?"

"I decline to answer a woman who speaks of Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn in that familiar way."

Anne advanced a step nearer.

"Did Geoffrey Delamayn tell you that?" she repeated.

There was a light in her eyes, there was a ring in her voice, which showed that she was roused at last. Mrs. Glenarm answered her, this time.

"He did tell me."

"He lied!"

"He did *not!* He knew. I believe *him.* I don't believe *you.*"

"If he told you that I was any thing but a single woman—if he told you that Arnold Brinkworth was married to any body but Miss Lundie of Windygates—I say again he lied!"

"I say again—I believe *him*, and not *you.*"

"You believe I am Arnold Brinkworth's wife?"

"I am certain of it."

"You tell me that to my face?"

"I tell you to your face—you *may* have been Geoffrey Delamayn's mistress; you *are* Arnold Brinkworth's wife."

At those words the long-restrained anger leaped up in Anne—all the more hotly for having been hitherto so steadily controlled. In one breathless moment the whirlwind of her indignation swept away, not only all remembrance of the purpose which had brought her to Swanhaven, but all sense even of the unpardonable wrong which she had suffered at Geoffrey's hands. If he had been there, at that moment, and had offered to redeem his pledge, she would have consented to marry him, while Mrs. Glenarm's eye was on her—no matter whether she destroyed herself in her first cool moment afterward or not. The small sting had planted itself at last in the great nature. The noblest woman is only a woman, after all!

"I forbid your marriage to Geoffrey Delamayn! I insist on his performing the promise he gave me, to make me his wife! I have got it here in his own words, in his own writing. On his soul, he swears it to me—he will redeem his pledge. His mistress, did you say? His wife, Mrs. Glenarm, before the week is out!"

In those wild words she cast back the taunt—with the letter held in triumph in her hand.

Daunted for the moment by the doubt now literally forced on her, that Anne might really have the claim on Geoffrey which she advanced, Mrs. Glenarm answered nevertheless with the obstinacy of a woman brought to bay—with a resolution not to be convinced by conviction itself.

"I won't give him up!" she cried. "Your letter is a forgery. You have no proof. I won't, I won't, I won't give him up!" she repeated, with the impotent iteration of an angry child.

Anne pointed disdainfully to the letter that she held. "Here is his pledged and written word," she said. "While I live, you will never be his wife."

"I shall be his wife the day after the race. I am going to him in London—to warn him against You!"

"You will find me in London, before you—with this in my hand. Do you know his writing?"

She held up the letter, open. Mrs. Glenarm's hand flew out with the stealthy rapidity of a cat's paw, to seize and destroy it. Quick as she was, her rival was quicker still. For an instant they faced each other breathless—one with the letter held behind her; one with her hand still stretched out.

At the same moment—before a word more had passed between them—the glass door opened; and Julius Delamayn appeared in the room.

He addressed himself to Anne.

"We decided, on the terrace," he said, quietly, "that you should speak to Mrs. Glenarm, if Mrs. Glenarm wished it. Do you think it desirable that the interview should be continued any longer?"

Anne's head drooped on her breast. The fiery anger in her was quenched in an instant.

"I have been cruelly provoked, Mr. Delamayn," she answered. "But I have no right to plead that." She looked up at him for a moment. The hot tears of shame gathered in her eyes, and fell slowly over her cheeks. She bent her head again, and hid them from him. "The only atonement I can make," she said, "is to ask your pardon, and to leave the house."

In silence, she turned away to the door. In silence, Julius Delamayn paid her the trifling courtesy of opening it for her. She went out.

Mrs. Glenarm's indignation—suspended for the moment—transferred itself to Julius.

"If I have been entrapped into seeing that woman, with your approval," she said, haughtily, "I owe it to myself, Mr. Delamayn, to follow her example, and to leave your house."

"I authorized her to ask you for an interview, Mrs. Glenarm. If she has presumed on the permission that I gave her, I sincerely regret it, and I beg you to accept my apologies. At the same time, I may venture to add, in defense of my conduct, that I thought her—and think her still—a woman to be pitied more than to be blamed."

"To be pitied—did you say?" asked Mrs. Glenarm, doubtful whether her ears had not deceived her.

"To be pitied," repeated Julius.

"*You* may find it convenient, Mr. Delamayn, to forget what your brother has told us about that person. *I* happen to remember it."

"So do I, Mrs. Glenarm. But, with my experience of Geoffrey—" He hesitated, and ran his fingers nervously over the strings of his violin.

"You don't believe him?" said Mrs. Glenarm.

Julius declined to admit that he doubted his brother's word, to the lady who was about to become his brother's wife.

"I don't quite go that length," he said. "I find it difficult to reconcile what Geoffrey has told us, with Miss Silvester's manner and appearance—"

"Her appearance!" cried Mrs. Glenarm, in a transport of astonishment and disgust. "*Her* appearance! Oh, the men! I beg your pardon—I ought to have remembered that there is no accounting for tastes. Go on—pray go on!"

"Shall we compose ourselves with a little music?" suggested Julius.

"I particularly request you will go on," answered Mrs. Glenarm, emphatically. "You find it 'impossible to reconcile'—"

"I said 'difficult.'"

"Oh, very well. Difficult to reconcile what Geoffrey told us, with Miss Silvester's manner and appearance. What next? You had something else to say, when I was so rude as to interrupt you. What was it?"

"Only this," said Julius. "I don't find it easy to understand Sir Patrick Lundie's conduct in permitting Mr. Brinkworth to commit bigamy with his niece."

"Wait a minute! The marriage of that horrible woman to Mr. Brinkworth was a private marriage. Of course, Sir Patrick knew nothing about it!"

Julius owned that this might be possible, and made a second attempt to lead the angry lady back to the piano. Useless, once more! Though she shrank from confessing it to herself, Mrs. Glenarm's belief in the genuineness of her lover's defense had been shaken. The tone taken by Julius—moderate as it was—revived the first startling suspicion of the credibility of Geoffrey's statement which Anne's language and conduct had forced on Mrs. Glenarm. She dropped into the nearest chair, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. "You always hated poor Geoffrey," she said, with a burst of tears. "And now you're defaming him to me!"

Julius managed her admirably. On the point of answering her seriously, he checked himself. "I always hated poor Geoffrey," he repeated, with a smile. "You ought to be the last person to say that, Mrs. Glenarm! I brought him all the way from London expressly to introduce him to *you.*"

"Then I wish you had left him in London!" retorted Mrs. Glenarm, shifting suddenly from tears to temper. "I was a happy woman before I met your brother. I can't give him up!" she burst out, shifting back again from temper to tears. "I don't care if he *has* deceived me. I won't let another woman have him! I *will* be his wife!" She threw herself theatrically on her knees before Julius. "Oh, *do* help me to find out the truth!" she said. "Oh, Julius, pity me! I am so fond of him!"

There was genuine distress in her face, there was true feeling in her voice. Who would have believed that there were reserves of merciless insolence and heartless cruelty in this woman—and that they had been lavishly poured out on a fallen sister not five minutes since?

"I will do all I can," said Julius, raising her. "Let us talk of it when you are more composed. Try a little music," he repeated, "just to quiet your nerves."

"Would *you* like me to play?" asked Mrs. Glenarm, becoming a model of feminine docility at a moment's notice.

Julius opened the Sonatas of Mozart, and shouldered his violin.

"Let's try the Fifteenth," he said, placing Mrs. Glenarm at the piano. "We will begin with the Adagio. If ever there was divine music written by mortal man, there it is!"

They began. At the third bar Mrs. Glenarm dropped a note—and the bow of Julius paused shuddering on the strings.

"I can't play!" she said. "I am so agitated; I am so anxious. How *am* I to find out whether that wretch is really married or not? Who can I ask? I can't go to Geoffrey in London—the trainers won't let me see him. I can't appeal to Mr. Brinkworth himself—I am not even acquainted with him. Who else is there? Do think, and tell me!"

There was but one chance of making her return to the Adagio—the chance of hitting on a suggestion which would satisfy and quiet her. Julius laid his violin on the piano, and considered the question before him carefully.

"There are the winesses," he said. "If Geoffrey's story is to be depended on, the landlady and the waiter at the inn can speak to the facts."

"Low people!" objected Mrs. Glenarm. "People I don't know. People who might take advantage of my situation, and be insolent to me."

Julius considered once more; and made another suggestion. With the fatal ingenuity of innocence, he hit on the idea of referring Mrs. Glenarm to no less a person than Lady Lundie herself!

"There is our good friend at Windygates," he said. "Some whisper of the matter may have reached Lady Lundie's ears. It may be a little awkward to call on her (if she *has* heard any thing) at the time of a serious family disaster. You are the best judge of that, however. All I can do is to throw out the notion. Windygates isn't very far off—and something might come of it. What do you think?"

Something might come of it! Let it be remembered that Lady Lundie had been left entirely in the dark—that she had written to Sir Patrick in a tone which plainly showed that her self-esteem was wounded and her suspicion roused—and that her first intimation of the serious dilemma in which Arnold Brinkworth stood was now likely, thanks to Julius Delamayn, to reach her from the lips of a mere acquaintance. Let this be remembered; and then let the estimate be formed of what might come of it—not at Windygates only, but also at Ham Farm!

"What do you think?" asked Julius.

Mrs. Glenarm was enchanted. "The very person to go to!" she said. "If I am not let in I can easily write—and explain my object as an apology. Lady Lundie is so right-minded, so sympathetic. If she sees no one else—I have only to confide my anxieties to her, and I am sure she will see me. You will lend me a carriage, won't you? I'll go to Windygates to-morrow."

Julius took his violin off the piano.

"Don't think me very troublesome," he said, coaxingly. "Between this and to-morrow we have nothing to do. And it is *such* music, if you once get into the swing of it! Would you mind trying again?"

Mrs. Glenarm was willing to do any thing to prove her gratitude, after the invaluable hint which she had just received. At the second trial the fair pianist's eye and hand were in perfect harmony. The lovely melody which the Adagio of Mozart's Fifteenth Sonata has given to violin and piano flowed smoothly at last—and Julius Delamayn soared to the seventh heaven of musical delight.

The next day Mrs. Glenarm and Mrs. Delamayn went together to Windygates House.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Harvard College has received a valuable addition to its art collection in the bust of C. Cilnius Mæcenas, found at Herculaneum in 1822, and exhibited in the Royal Museum at Portici. It was afterward purchased by an antiquarian of Rome, who presented it to Mr. B. Davis Washburn of Melrose, and by him it was donated to Harvard. The bust is in a good state of preservation, and represents Mæcenas at the age of seventy, after he had retired from public affairs. Mæcenas was an enthusiastic patron of learning and genius, and the personal friend of Virgil and Horace. He died 8 B.C., in the same year with Horace, and was buried in his own gardens, on the Esquiline Hill.

By the will of the late Lord Derby his personal property appears to have been about £250,000. The present Lord Derby will succeed to a magnificent income, which he is not in the least likely to diminish. His habits are of the most inexpensive kind, and if *noblesse* did not oblige otherwise, he would probably prefer living in a couple of rooms and dining at a club. He does not inherit his father's fondness for horses, and has lately sold out his stable.

"Association Hall" is a great improvement upon the old name, "Young Men's Christian Association Hall," which is too long for comfort. Can not the name of the building itself be abridged for common use?

If lovers quarrel, and wish their love-letters returned, we warn them to deliver the important documents personally—it is not safe to trust expresses! At a recent auction sale of unclaimed express packages in Hartford a lot of love-letters were bid off. They were written by a young lady who, having got married, requested her old lover to return them. The purchaser, it is said, is heartlessly and dishonorably giving a series of evening readings from them at his boarding-house.

It is rumored abroad that Father Hyacinthe has been converted to Protestantism by the pastor of the French Reformed Church, and that he is soon to be married.

Now that the ladies are having every thing their own away, it is said that printed declarations, with blank forms, are to be used by young ladies who have lovers too modest to propose. The ladies themselves fill out the blanks, and, of course, no sensible man can refuse signing them.

A second novel by Garibaldi has been published at Milan. It is called "Cantoni; or, The Volunteer."—Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems will be entitled "Songs Before Sunrise."—Mr. Goldwin Smith is preparing a "History of England for American Readers."

How very thoughtful and considerate some editors are to make such suggestions as these, in commenting upon the death of a young Vermont girl from the effects of tight-lacing: "These corsets should be done away with, and if the girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can be found who would rather devote three hours a day, without a cent of pay, as a brevet corset, than see these girls dying off in that manner. Office hours almost any time."

A remarkable marriage recently took place at Galesburg, Illinois. The bridegroom and bride were aged respectively eighty-three and eighty-one years. When they were eighteen and sixteen they were engaged to each other, but broke their troth; and since then each has followed two companions to the grave. Late in life the early love has been rekindled.

Not so very far out of the way was an English sailor at Brussels, who emptied his pockets, containing 250 francs, into the apron of a woman with half a dozen starving children. The sailor remarked to the astounded natives who witnessed the act: "I am a good fellow, and never drink when I have nothing to drink with." A good many young men might be safer to "go and do likewise."

There are at the present time quite a number of "Apartment Houses" being erected in different parts of our city. These houses will contain suits, each complete in itself, including parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bath-room, and bedrooms. It is indicative of the probable popularity of this style of building, that in one which is nearly finished on Eighteenth Street, every suit was rented before the foundation was laid. Some very handsome "Apartment Houses" are already projected. People of moderate incomes are weary of paying enormous rents, and welcome the prospect of cheaper and yet comfortable quarters.

Miss Mulock says to parents that the time must come in every family when it is the children's right to begin to think and act for themselves, and the parents' duty to allow them to do it; when it is wisest gradually to slacken authority, to sink "I command" into "I wish," and to grant large freedom of opinion, and the expression of it.

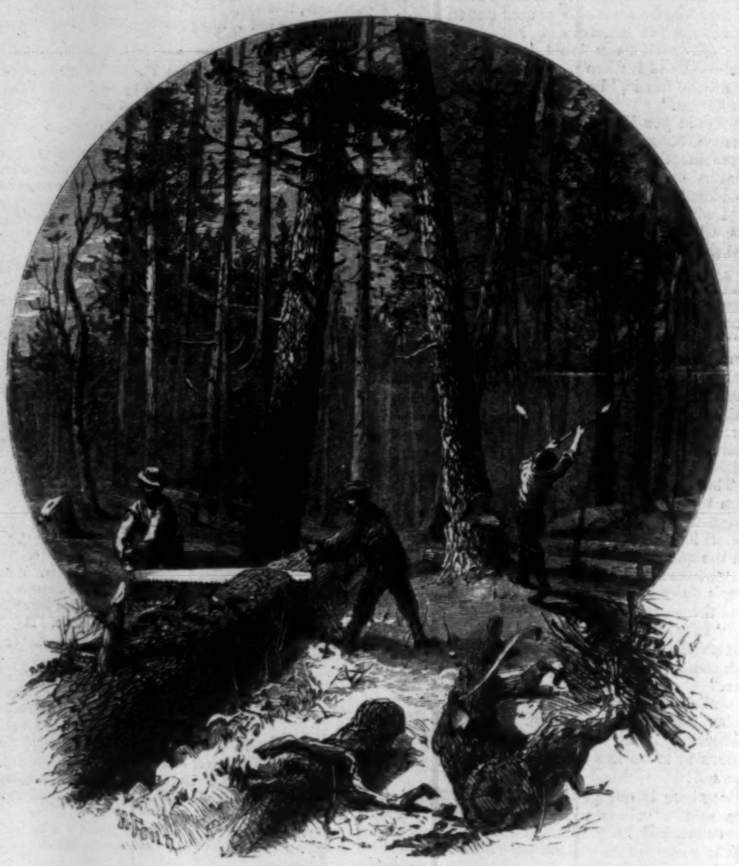
During the recent spring freshets some of the rivers in New England rose higher than they have been known to do since 1827. The Mohawk was reported higher than ever before, and the Merrimac higher than since 1852. All through the New England and Middle States immense damage was done. In many places the inhabitants were roused in the night by floods of water rushing over their premises, and were obliged to flee for their lives. Bridges, dams, barns, and cattle were destroyed; and in many towns there has been a dismal repetition of the ruinous scenes of last October. Such a heavy spring freshet is discouraging enough to those who suffered so much damage from that last fall.

Our Dumb Animals—a monthly journal published by the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—as a brief method of stating the purposes of the Society, gives "Thirty-nine Articles of Faith." Some of these are to prevent—the beating, overloading, overdriving, and underfeeding of animals; driving galled and disabled horses; tying calves' and sheep's legs; cruelties on railroad stock trains; overloading horse-cars; neglect of shelter for animals; plucking live fowls; dog-fights; to introduce—better roads and pavements; better methods of slaughtering and of horse-shoeing; improved cattle-cars; drinking-fountains; and to induce—children to be humane; teachers to teach kindness to animals; clergymen to preach it; authors to write it; editors to keep it before the people; and generally to make men, women, and children better, because more humane.

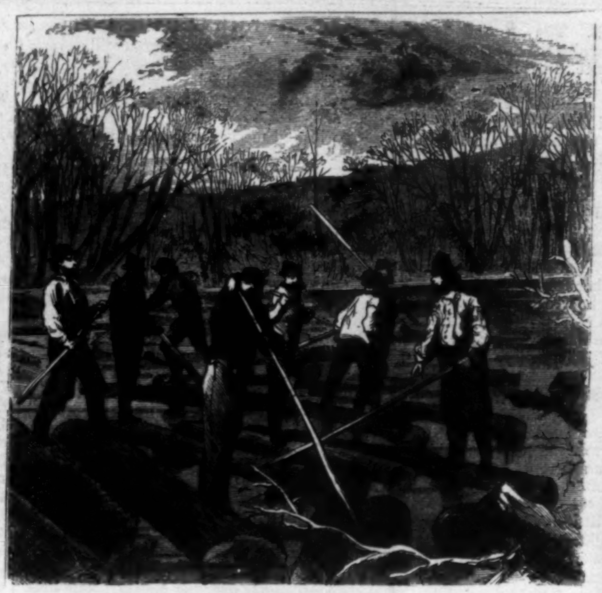
Reports come from Delaware that the peach-trees have been seriously injured in consequence of the warm weather in January and February, and that the crop is likely to be small. Berries, however, promise well, and it is expected that strawberries will be ready for market in about a month.

Professor Blot gives the following directions for frying potatoes: Cut them in whatever form you wish above a bowl of cold water, so that they will drop into it. Then drain and wipe them dry. This must be done quickly, so as not to allow the potatoes to turn reddish. Have a coarse towel ready, then turn the potatoes into a colander, and immediately turn them into the towel, shake them a little, and quickly drop them in hot fat. When done, turn them into a colander, sprinkle salt on them, and serve hot. If you wish them light or swelled, leave the potatoes in the colander only about half a minute, then put them back in the very hot fat, stir for about one minute, and put them again in the colander. If the fat is very hot, when dropped into it for the second time they will certainly swell. Bear in mind that fried potatoes must be eaten as hot as possible. Fry only one size at a time, as it takes three times as long to fry them when cut in pieces as when sliced.

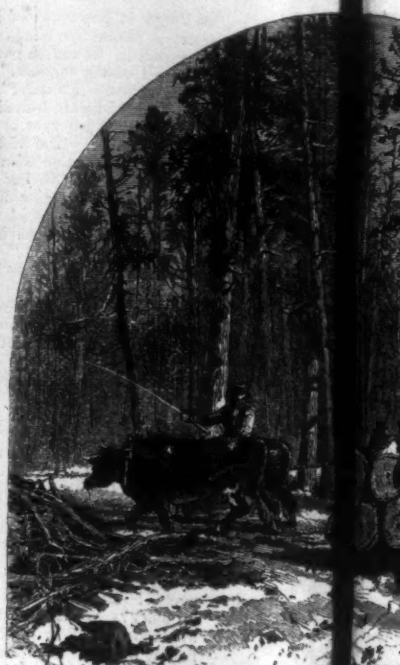
Three or four years ago a colored woman from New Bedford graduated from the New England Medical College of Boston, and is now successfully practicing her profession. The New England Female Medical College was opened in 1848, and since then has graduated seventy-four women, many of whom are exceedingly useful in practice among women and children, and some are filling important positions in hospitals and educational institutions.



SAWING INTO LOGS.



BREAKING A JAM.

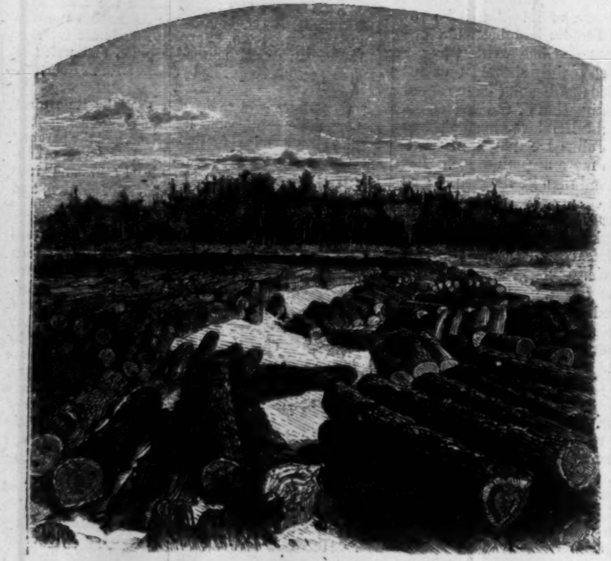


IN THE ORESTS.

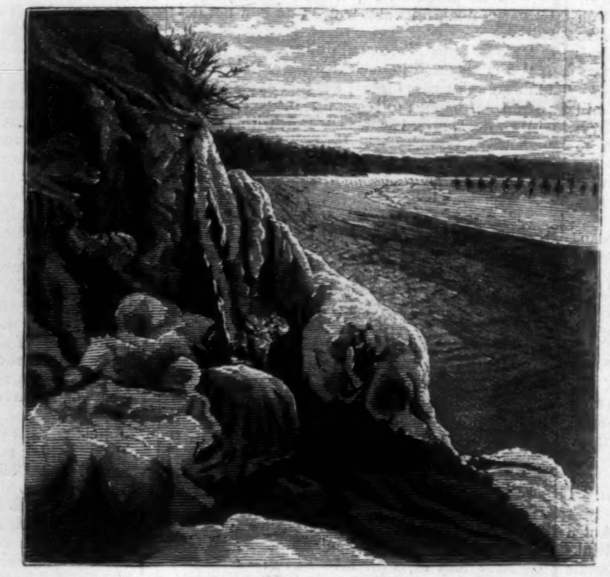
WINTER SCENES IN MINNESOTA.

We give on this double page a series of engravings, from some exceedingly fine photographs sent us by **Whitney and Zimmermann**, of St. Paul, Minnesota, illustrating winter life and scenery in that State. The sketches tell their own story so graphically, that but few words are necessary in the way of explanation. The uppermost line of pictures illustrates the manner of getting out lumber in the great pine forests of Minnesota—from the cutting down of the great trees, sawing them into lengths, hauling them out with ox-teams, and, finally, "landing" the logs on the surface of the frozen river or stream, in readiness for the spring freshet to sweep them down to a market. Though many of these streams are too shallow in summer to float an Indian in the lightest bark canoe, yet when swollen by spring freshets, each one becomes a wide and deep river. In some instances the pines grow near the streams, and the trouble of hauling the logs is very slight; but often they grow four or five miles away, and the distance becomes greater every year, as the forests are gradually cut down, and with it the expense of logging. The camp-foll own in o
Indians, who frequently stop at the camps rovisions

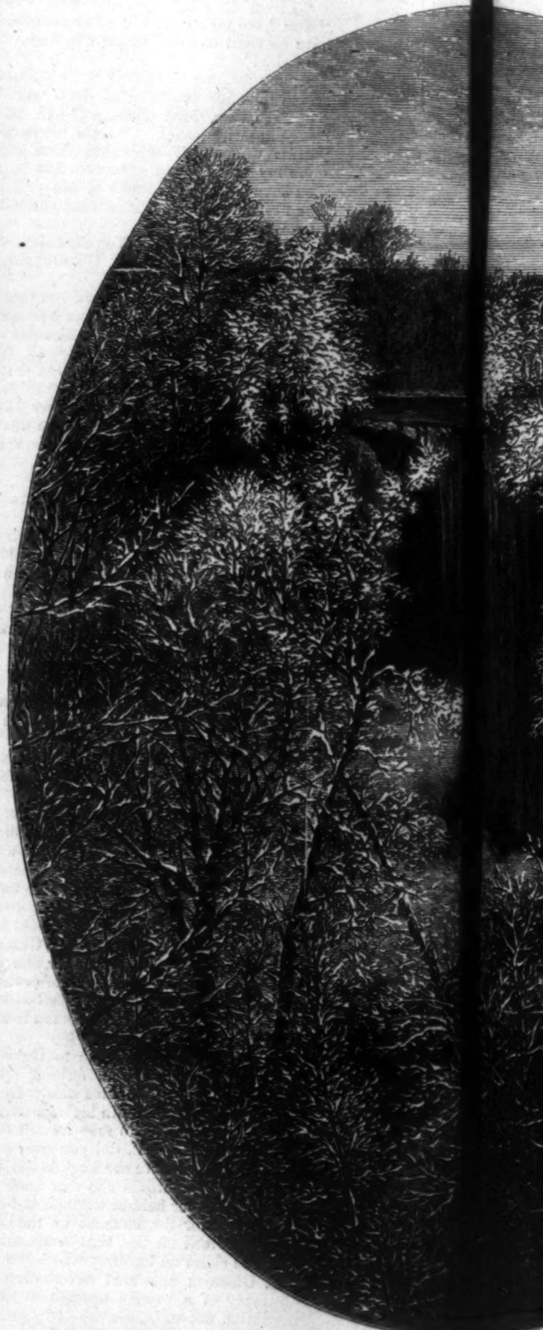
Underneath these forest scenes we give iews of t
winter. "St. Anthony's Falls" and "Silv de," with
most beautiful appearance in their wintry hile the f
morning look more like a picture from Fai han an a
photograph was taken from which our eng made, a



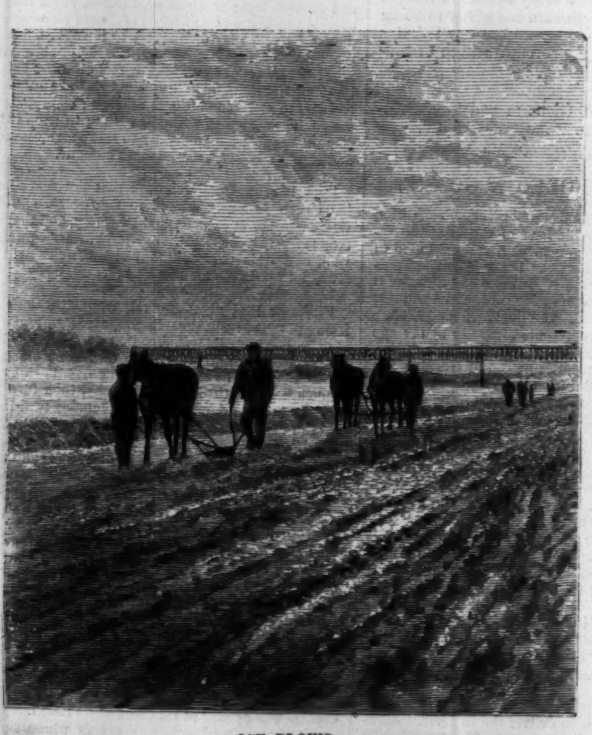
LANDING LOGS.



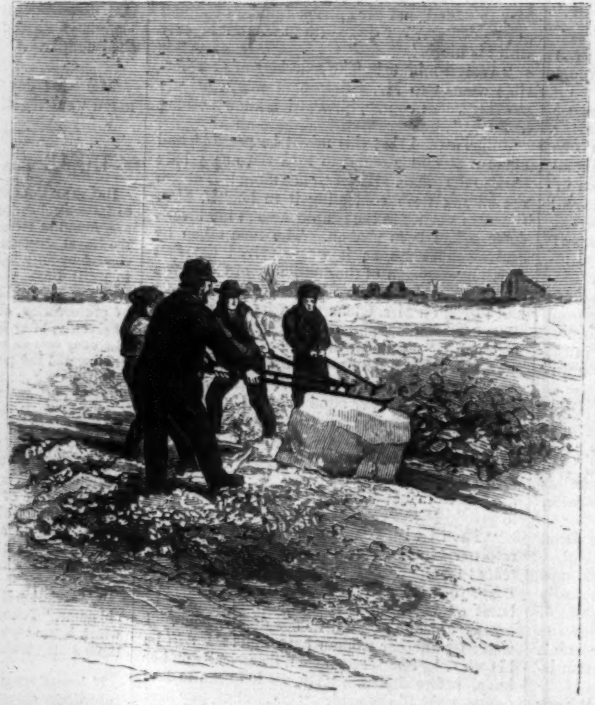
SILVER CASCADE.



FALLS OF MINNEHA A FROST

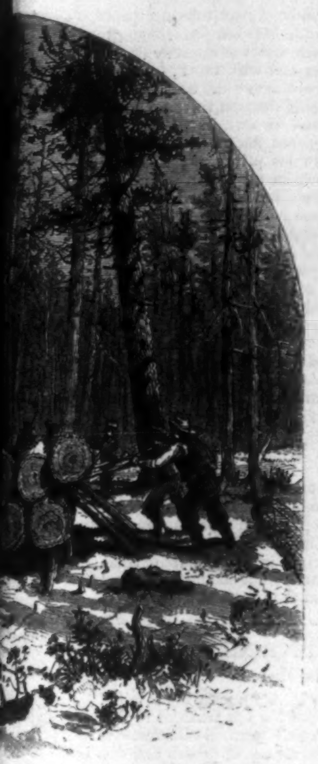


ICE PLOWS.



HAULING OUT THE ICE BLOCKS.

WINTER SCENES IN MINNESOTA.—[From Photo hs by W

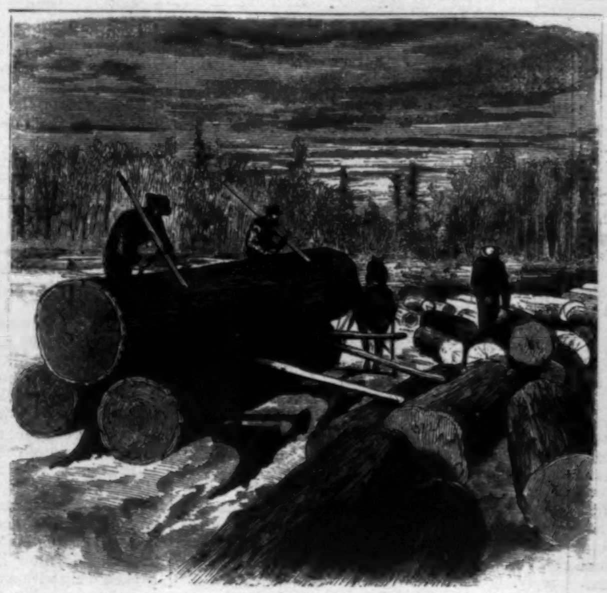


RESTS.

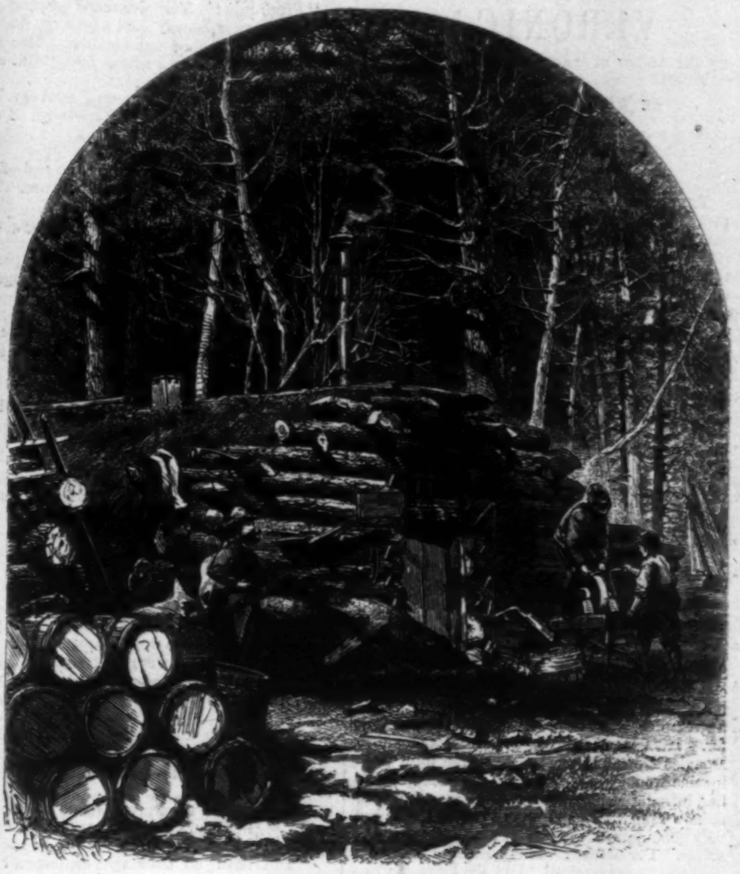
wn in one of our sketches are Chippewa visions and whisky.

ws of the river scenery of Minnesota in e," within sight of each other, present a le the falls of "Minnehaha" on a frosty an an actual scene in nature. Since the made, a heavy freshet has destroyed several mills at St. Anthony's Falls, and washed away a large portion of Hennepin Island, under which a tunnel had been excavated. Fears are entertained that this magnificent water-power may be permanently injured by this catastrophe.

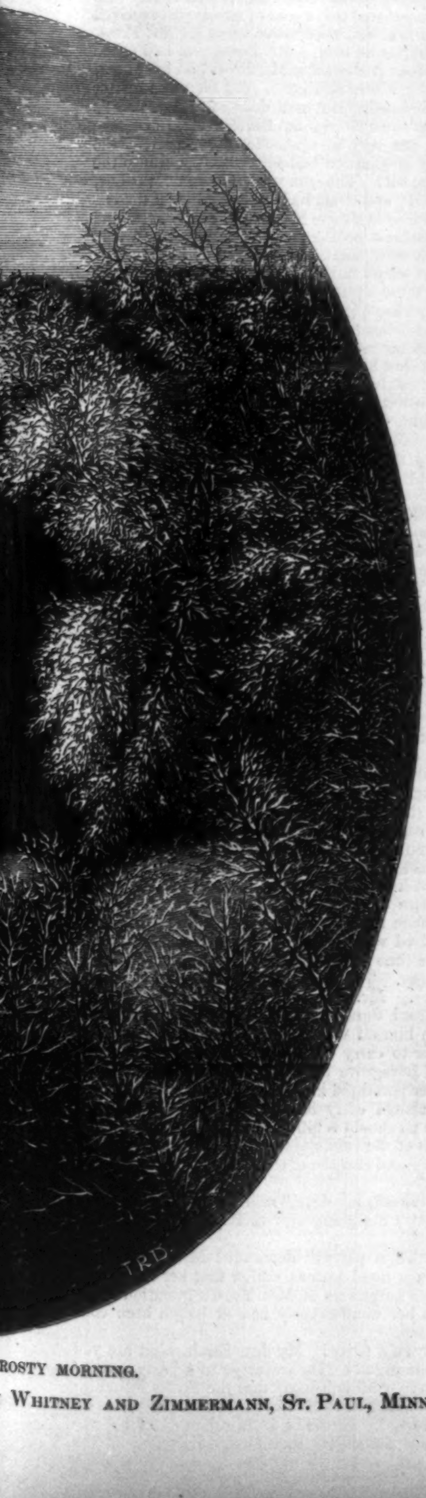
The third series of sketches will give our readers an idea of the mode of gathering the ice-crop in Minnesota—a subject in which we are all interested this summer. The thickness of the ice is well indicated in the engraving, which shows the great, almost transparent blocks hauled out upon the bank, where they are chipped into shape for storage and transportation. As the thermometer sometimes indicates a temperature of 40 degrees below zero, the thickness of these blocks is not surprising. When the ice is of moderate thickness, it is cut by means of ice plows; but when very thick, saws are employed for this purpose. The people of this city, where ice is no longer a luxury but a common necessity, will be glad to have the ocular demonstration afforded by these sketches—which are as nearly fac-similes of the original photographs as could be made in wood-engraving—that in Minnesota, at any rate, the crop has been so abundant that ice-dealers will have no excuse for an exorbitant rise in the price of this commodity.



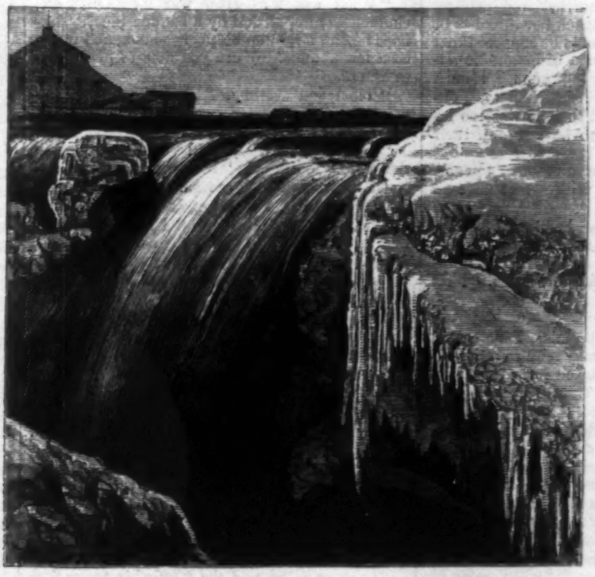
UNLOADING LOGS.



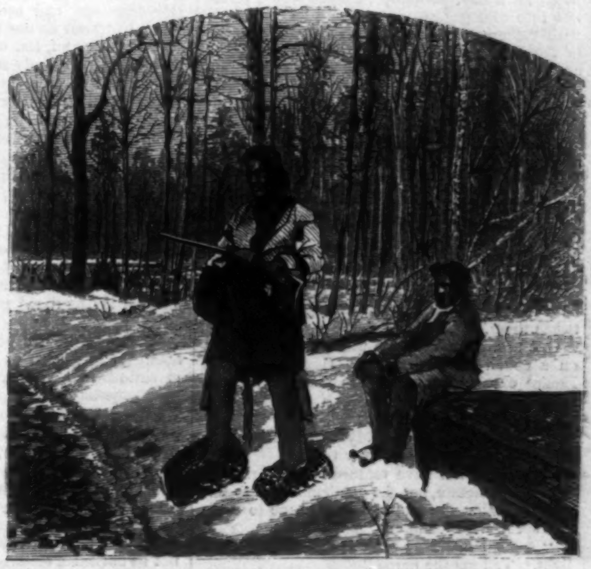
LOGGERS' CAMP.



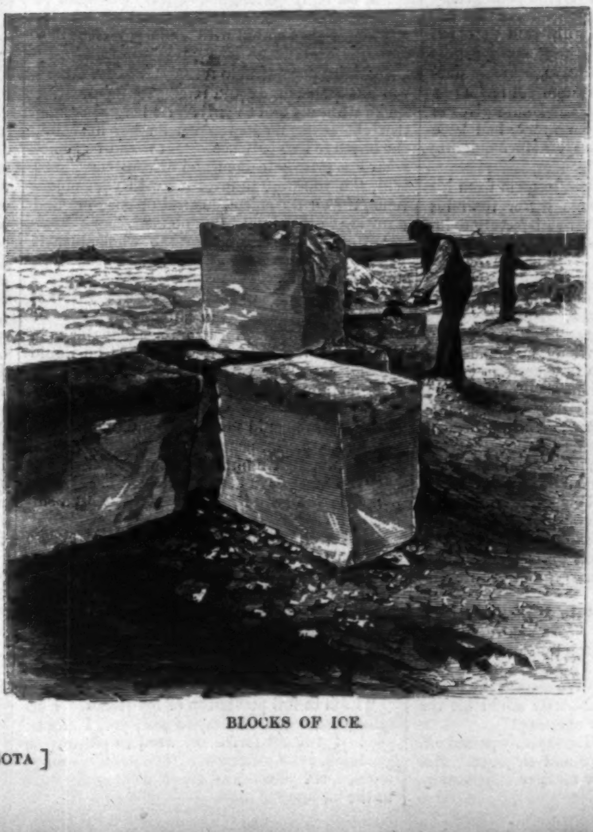
ROSTY MORNING.



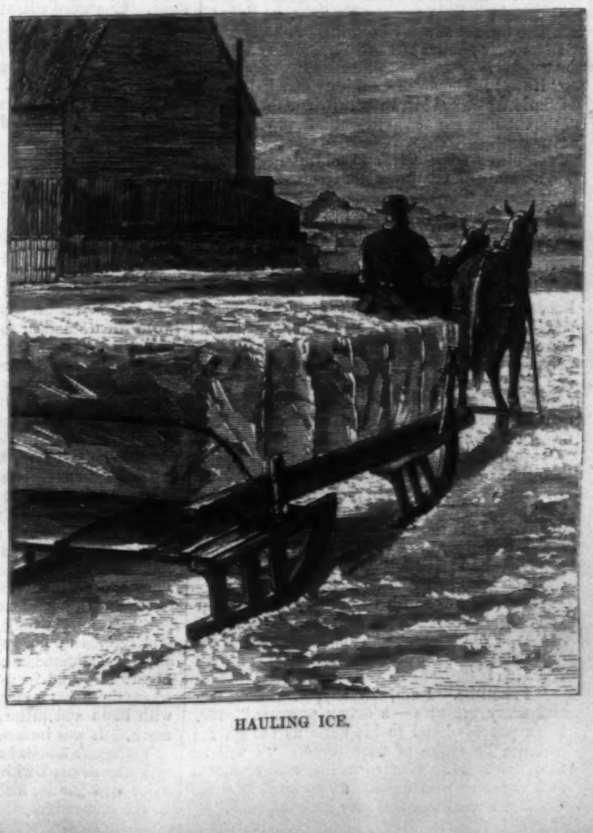
SAINT ANTHONY'S FALLS IN WINTER.



CAMP FOLLOWERS.



BLOCKS OF ICE.



HAULING ICE.

Whitney and Zimmermann, St. Paul, Minnesota]

VERONICA.

By the Author of “Aunt Margaret's Trouble.”

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER XI.

TEMPEST.

THEIR life in town, however it may have proved to be dust and ashes in Veronica's mouth, was mightily to the taste of her husband. One great drawback to his pleasure at first was Veronica's perverse determination to be discontented, as he deemed it. What could she desire that she had not? They were rich, young, fond of one another—he, at least, still loved her, although she seemed resolved to try to cure him of his fondness—and surrounded by companions who asked nothing better than to be merry and enjoy themselves. What though this dowager had declined to be introduced to her; or that dowdy countess refused her invitations; or that it had hitherto been impossible to find a lady to present her at court? Were not the ladies whom she did know incomparably more lively and amusing than these dull persons? And was it not an incredible perversity in Veronica to long for that which, had it been offered to her—or so Cesare thought—she would have loathed? The husband and wife had many a sharp discussion on this score.

When Veronica now told Cesare that he did not understand this or that he would argue the point with vivacity. Indeed, but he did understand: quite as well as she did; perhaps better! She was but a woman. And if he *were* a foreigner in England, he yet knew the world—it might be that he even knew the English world—a great deal more thoroughly than she thought for. His friends mauvais genre? Bah! Mrs. Douglas De Raffville was one of the most fashionable women in London. Lord George, who had introduced her to them, said so. She was, at any rate, very handsome, very brilliant, and very good-natured: that they could see for themselves. Per Bacco! These simagrées on her part were too amusing! Did she know the history of the withered little Duchess with the pearls, to whom she had been so civil at Naples? Then for a day, perhaps, Veronica would break out into wild gayety. She would be all ablaze with excitement, until even the rather noisy mirth of the society that surrounded her would grow dumb, and its members would stare at her uneasily, or indulge in expressive shrugs and grimaces to each other. These fits of feverish spirits were invariably followed by prolonged depression and gloom; sometimes even by attacks of illness that obliged her to keep her bed for a day or so. But she would see no physician. Her husband, more and more separated from her companionship, and absorbed in his own pursuits, gradually ceased to disquiet himself about these strange fluctuations of health and spirits. There was no one at hand who cared for her. Her father wrote rarely and briefly. Maud was separated from her as though the thickness of the globe were between them.

One afternoon Veronica was lying half asleep on a couch in her boudoir. Her Swiss maid Louise entered the darkened room quietly, and stood listening.

“Is Madame la Princesse asleep?”

“Eh? What is it? My head aches,” answered Veronica, in a drowsy voice.

“I should not have ventured to disturb Madame la Princesse, but the gentleman was so importunate that the footman begged me to come and speak with madame.”

“A gentleman? I can't see the card by this light. Tell me the name.”

“Mistare—Mistare Frost.”

“Mr. Frost! Well—yes; let Mr. Frost come up stairs. Give me the eau de cologne. Draw that curtain a little more. No light, no light! Ah, Dio buono, how my head throbs!”

In another minute Mr. Frost was ushered into the boudoir.

“Have I the honor of speaking to the Princess de' Barletti?” asked Mr. Frost, to whom the gloom of the chamber seemed at first almost pitch darkness.

Veronica greeted him, and told him where to find a seat. She half rose from her sofa, but fell back again with a murmur of pain.

“You are suffering? I grieve to intrude. But my business is of such importance—”

“Of such importance?”

“To me of the very deepest.”

Veronica poured some eau de cologne on her hands, and passed them over her forehead. Then she looked steadily at Mr. Frost, and her eyes, more accustomed to the dimness than his, could perceive that he was changed; bent, and thin, and haggard. And that his restless hands wandered constantly to his mouth, and that he bit his nails furiously. He, for his part, could but just discern the outline of her face and figure.

“Madam,” said Mr. Frost, “I will not waste your time or my own—minutes are very precious—by useless preamble. In preferring the request I am about to make, I know that I am doing an unusual—some might say unwarrantable thing. But I am hard pressed: temporarily—only temporarily. And I was to-day inspired suddenly with the hope that you might help me.”

“In what way can it be in my power to help you?” said Veronica, in a strange, dreamy voice.

“Will you lend me some money?”

“Lend *you* some money? I thought you were very rich!”

“I shall be. I am, virtually. But there is a temporary pressure—a severe pressure.” Mr. Frost put his hand to his head, as though the pressure he spoke of were there. “I will be frank with you. Women can be compassionate and generous sometimes. If you will lend me the sum I want you will save me from ruin!”

“From ruin!” Veronica made an effort, and seemed to rouse herself from a lethargy that had apparently benumbed her faculties. Her voice was more like her own as she said, “But *can* I do this?”

“I think you can. The sum I need is a large one. But I know your means are large. I want two thousand pounds.”

“It is indeed a large sum!”

“If I can have that sum by the end of this month the rest may go. I shall not care. That is—I mean I shall be safe.”

“I should like to do good to somebody,” murmured Veronica, half aloud.

“You can do good to more than one person. You know young Lockwood, who is engaged to marry Maud Desmond?”

“Yes: is it for *him?*”

“You love Maud Desmond, do you not? I have heard that you loved her so much as to offer her a part of your fortune!”

“I do love her. But what—”

“I can not explain particulars. But I will swear to you by any solemn oath you choose, that in lending me this money you will be serving them. If I can not induce you to believe that—believe at least that, as I said, you will be saving me from ruin. God is my witness that that is true!”

The manner of the man—so different from the self-possessed, easy, dignified air she remembered in him—impressed her greatly.

“I should like,” she said again, “to do good to somebody.”

Mr. Frost gathered all his energies to plead his cause. His words were eloquent. But more eloquent to Veronica were his trembling lips, his wrinkled brow, his eager and restless hands.

“If I can do this thing I will,” she said, at length.

He sprang up and took her hand. “I can not thank you in words,” he said. “It was a good inspiration that made me think of applying to you!”

“But—I shall need my husband's consent.”

“Your husband's only?”

“Certainly. Whose else?”

“You have no marriage settlement? No trustees?”

This was the first time that the idea of having her money settled on herself had occurred to her. Her marriage had been hurried and private. There had been no one to watch her interests or advise her. And, lest it should be supposed that Cesare had purposely taken a dishonorable advantage of her confidence or imprudence, it must be explained that marriage settlements are unknown in his country; and that he was too ignorant of English customs to be aware of their existence here.

“No,” she answered, after a moment's pause. “I have no settlement; no trustees. I have no one but Cesare.”

“Indeed!” said Mr. Frost, looking at her for an instant with his old searching keenness. “Fortunately for me,” he added, “your influence over Prince Barletti is unbounded. I remember noting that.”

“Do you?”

“Yes. If I have your promise, I am secure about the prince. But he may require more explanations than you have asked for. You have been generous in refraining from questioning me. I feel it. I shall not forget it. But he will say, perhaps, ‘Why did not this man apply elsewhere? to his partner, for example? to those connected with him by business ties?’ I reply that in certain circumstances to be seen to need a thing is fatal. The very urgency of the case excites mistrust and apprehension. And the small sum which divides ruin from security can not be obtained, *because* it is so essential to obtain it. But I will see the prince. I will speak with him. I will give him any guarantee in my power. Only let me have your promise. That is sufficient. One word more! I rely on your generosity and honor to keep this application a secret.”

“If I can do this thing, I will,” said Veronica once more.

Then Mr. Frost took his leave, scarcely daring to believe in his success; and yet feeling as though a mantle of lead, such as Dante gives to certain wretched souls in purgatory, had been lifted from his head and shoulders since entering that house.

Cesare returned late in the afternoon from his ride. Cesare's riding, though better than his driving, was yet not altogether satisfactory to insular eyes. There was a wooden rigidity about his legs, and a general air of being keenly alive to the possibility of his horse having the best of it in case of any difference of opinion arising between them inimical to grace. Nevertheless as he had good horses, and was willing to lend one of them now and then to a friend, he found companions content to join him in equestrian excursions to places in the neighborhood of London; or even—though of this his friends were more shy—in a canter in the Row. On the present occasion he had been honored by the society of two ladies, in addition to that of his friend Count Polyopolis, a Greek gentleman of very varied accomplishments, which were apparently not duly appreciated in his own country, but for the exercise of which he found a favorable field in London, after having exhausted Paris and Vienna. They had all been very merry, and Cesare entered in high good-humor.

“You were wrong not to come, ma belle princesse,” said he, gayly. “It was very pleasant. We alighted at a village inn, and had beer! Figurati! And there was a garden to the inn, where there was a target. We shot at the target with bows and arrows. Nobody could hit the mark. It was immensely amusing!”

Veronica's headache had apparently passed off. She was dressed with care and elegance. Her voice was gentle, and her manner conciliating, as she said to him,

“Come here and sit down by me, Cesare mio! I have a word to say to you.”

“Must I not dress for dinner?”

“There is time enough. Come here for a moment.”

He obeyed. Seating himself beside her, he pressed her hand to his lips. It was very thin, and burned with a feverish heat.

“Cara!” he said, touched with a vague pity as he looked at the wasted little fingers on which the sparkling rings sat so loosely. “If you would always be kind to me, I would rather stay here with you than divert myself with those others!”

“Ah, you would get tired of staying here with me, Cesare! and I do not wish you to do so. But I like to hear you say so. Do you really love me, Cesare?”

“Ma si!”

“I had a visitor while you were out this afternoon; an unexpected visitor.”

“Il Vicario? No? It was not that accursed doctor?”

“Oh, Cesare! Why should you speak so of poor Mr. Plew? What reason on earth have you to dislike him?”

“How can I tell? It is an antipathy, I suppose. With his insipid face, and his eyes like your English sky, neither blue nor gray! He attacks my nerves. Well it was *not* he?”

Veronica made an effort to suppress an angry reply.

“It was Mr. Frost,” she answered, shortly, not trusting her self-control to say more at that instant.

“Mr. Frost! Davvero!—Mr. Frost! Ah il povero Frost! He was très bon enfant at Naples; and what was better, a very good lawyer!”

“He is in trouble.”

“Si, eh?” said Cesare, whose interest in this announcement did not appear to be keen.

“And I have promised to help him.”

“Oh! that was very kind of you,” observed Cesare, with a shade of surprise, that yet was not lively enough to rouse him to any great demonstration of caring about what Veronica was saying.

“Yes; I have promised to lend him some money.”

“*What?*” He was not indifferent now. “You are jesting! Lend Mr. Frost money!”

“I, too, was surprised at his request.”

“What was it? How was it? Oh!” exclaimed Cesare, struck by a sudden idea, “perhaps he had forgotten his pocket-book, and wanted a few pounds. Were you able to give them to him?”

“Then you would not have objected to my doing so?”

“*In that case*, no.”

“I am glad of that,” said Veronica, ignoring the words in italics, “because I promised to assist him. It is a large sum he wants. But we can afford it, I suppose. I never enter into the details of our fortune, but I make no doubt that it will not be difficult for us. In serving him, I shall be indirectly serving others in whom I am interested. I do not exactly understand how; but if you were to ask him he might tell you more explicitly. I was greatly struck by the change in Mr. Frost's appearance. He seems to have been harassed nearly to death. But if you had seen the light that came into his face when I said ‘Yes!’ It gave me quite a new sensation. I promised to lend him two thousand pounds!”

Cesare had sat silent, listening to his wife with growing uneasiness in his face. At these last words he jumped up and uttered a loud ejaculation. But in the next instant he burst into a mocking laugh:

“What a fool I am! You made me believe you were in earnest.”

But even as he said the words his angry face belied them.

“I am in earnest, Cesare.”

For all reply he laughed again, and began to walk up and down the room, switching his riding-whip right and left with a sharp, vicious motion.

Veronica proceeded to recapitulate Mr. Frost's words as well as she could remember them. She spoke earnestly and eagerly. At length, finding that she made no impression on her husband, she began to lose patience. “It would be somewhat less grossly ill-bred and discourteous,” she said, “if you were to favor me with your objections, if you do object, instead of sneering and strutting in that intolerable manner.”

“My objections are that the whole idea is contrary to common-sense. Tu sei pazza—you are mad, mia cara.”

“How contrary to common-sense? I do not think it at all contrary to common-sense.”

“You do not see, for example, that this man must be at the last extremity before he would attempt such a desperate forlorn hope as this? That he must be as good as ruined already? Tu sei pazza!”

“But if we could save him—and others?”

“Pazza, pazza, pazza!”

“Cesare, I gave him my promise.”

“You must have been bewitched, or—*dreaming* when you gave it,” he answered, with a singular look.

“After all, the money is mine, and I choose to claim the disposal of it,” she cried, her long-repressed resentment blazing out on her cheeks and in her eyes.

Cesare wheeled sharp round in his walk, and looked at her.

“Do you know,” he said, slowly, “I begin to be afraid that you really are not in possession of your senses.”

“I am in full possession of my senses. I despise your sneer. I despise *you;* yes, I despise you! I will not forfeit my word to please your grudging, petty meanness! The money is mine, mine, I tell you. And I *will* have some share in the disposal of it.”

Then he let the demon of rage take full possession of him. From between his clenched teeth he hissed out such words as speedily made her quail and shudder and sink down, burying her head among the cushions of the couch. He had learned much during the past three months, both of her position and his own in the eyes of the world; and he spared her no detail of his knowledge. He knew his privileges; he knew that there was nothing in all the world which she could call her own; and he also knew that his name and title were looked on as more than equivalent for the surrender of herself and all she possessed. He had lately had increasing reason to be displeased with her. His new friends did not love her. They resented her pride, and ridiculed her pretensions. A hundred taunts which, but for the accidental firing of the long train of discontents, and spites, and vexations, might have remained forever unspoken, leaped from his tongue. His passion grew with speech, as a smouldering fire rushes into flame at the contact of the outer air. He turned and twisted the elastic riding-whip ferociously in his hands as though it were a living thing that he took pleasure in torturing. And at length, approaching nearer and nearer to Veronica as she cowered on the sofa, bending closer and closer over her, and hissing his fierce invectives into her ear, he suddenly drew himself upright, whirled the twisted whip with a crash into the midst of some porcelain toys that stood on a distant table, and dashed headlong from the room.

CHAPTER XII.

IN TIME.

MR. LOVEGROVE was very uneasy in his mind. His uneasiness was not the less irksome in that he confided it to no one. A small circumstance had put the climax to a heap of doubts and suspicions which had long been accumulating. It may be remembered that Mr. Lovegrove had expressed to his partner his desire to have a little confidential talk with him, and that his partner had expressed himself perfectly willing that the confidential talk should take place. It had not yet taken place, however. Mr. Frost always found some excuse for postponing it.

On the same day on which Mr. Lovegrove had first spoken of this desire on his part it may also be remembered that a sum of money just received by the firm had been taken away by Mr. Frost, to bank, as he said. Mr. Lovegrove had asked him about it later, and Mr. Frost had answered, Oh yes; it was all right. And there the matter had dropped. But two days after Mr. Frost's visit to the Princess de' Barletti Mr. Lovegrove made the very disagreeable discovery that the money in question had never been paid into the bank at all! The sum was an insignificant one, after all; and could he have looked upon the circumstance as a mere instance of carelessness and forgetfulness on the part of Mr. Frost he would have been irritated and annoyed by it, certainly, but he would have felt no more serious distress than those epithets might convey. But Mr. Frost, when questioned, had not clapped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed that the matter had slipped his memory: he had not even acknowledged that he had not yet paid the money, and promised that he would remedy the omission. He had answered with composure that the matter was all right. Mr. Frost, then, had told his partner a lie. Mr. Lovegrove was more hurt by this discovery than he would willingly have acknowledged. He had a very strong attachment to Sidney Frost. He had the habit of looking up to his talents and character with much the same admiring delight with which an ingenuous little boy contemplates the cock of his school. Though at the same time Mr. Lovegrove understood very well what were the solid plodding qualities in which he himself excelled his partner, and which were especially useful to the success of their joint affairs.

Mr. Lovegrove knew himself to be a plain man—plain in looks, plain in mind, and plain in manners.

But he had great pride and delight in Mr. Frost's brilliant superiority on all these points.

If one might dare to hint at the existence of any thing like romance in the regard of one middle-aged lawyer for another, it might almost be said that Mr. Lovegrove's feeling for his friend was romantic. And be it understood that there was no human being on the face of the earth who would have more derisively scouted such an idea, could it have been broached to him, than Mr. Lovegrove himself. Mr. Lovegrove had no sooner made the discovery above mentioned than he resolved with an inflexible resolution to lose no more time in coming to an explanation with his partner. The discovery was made after office-hours. Mr. Frost had, therefore, already left Bedford Square. The junior partner debated with himself what measures he should take in order to carry out the purpose he had formed. Mr. Lovegrove having once formed a purpose, never permitted himself to discuss *whether or no* he should carry it out: he merely considered *how* he should fulfill it, which was one of the results of the smallness of his faculty of imagination—and also one of the secrets of his success in life.

“Sarah, my dear,” said he to his wife, after tea, “I am going over to Bayswater this evening.”

“To a party?” demanded Mrs. Lovegrove, with a rapid jealous notion that her long-nourished suspicions of Mrs. Frost's intention to insult her unmistakably had at length been confirmed.

“To a party! My dear Sarah, what are you dreaming of? Do I ever go to a party without you? And is it likely that the Frosts would invite me alone?”

Mrs. Lovegrove, a little ashamed of her too hasty conclusion, murmured something to the effect that there was no knowing what "that woman" might not do.

"But I am not going to see 'that woman;' I am going to see 'that man.' My visit is solely on business."

"It's a strange hour to have a business appointment. I think, Augustus, that you might consecrate your evenings to domestic peace. I'm sure you work hard enough in the day, poor old Gus!" said Mrs. Lovegrove.

The lady's sudden descent from the regions of lofty severity to undignified and familiar affection was due to the pressure of her husband's arm encircling her waist and the touch of her husband's lips on her forehead.

"You know I never want to leave you and the girls, Sally. But I want to speak to Frost particularly. I must speak with him. Give me a kiss, Sally. I don't go because I like going, and I sha'n't spend a pleasant time, you may depend on it."

Mrs. Lovegrove was very sincerely fond of her husband; and as she marked his face and gauged the tone of his voice—every vibration of which had become known to her as thoroughly as those things are known which love teaches, behind the accuracy of whose instructions all other powers and passions limp at a long distance—she perceived that there was, as she phrased it, "something on his mind." And she refrained from saying another provoking word to add to the burden. Mr. Lovegrove walked part of the way toward Bayswater, meaning to pursue his journey from a certain point in the omnibus. But the night was fine, and the walk was agreeable to the lawyer after his day spent busily in a hot, close office; and he therefore strolled on and on, until he found that he might as well proceed to his destination on foot. Thus, as it turned out, it was close on ten o'clock by the time he reached Mr. Frost's house in Bayswater. He had no need to knock or ring for admittance. The street door was open, and a couple of servants—a man and woman—were lounging on the steps enjoying the evening air.

"Is Mr. Frost within?" asked Lovegrove, almost fearing to be answered in the negative.

"*Mr.*—not *Mrs.?*" asked the man, who did not at first recognize Mr. Lovegrove. The visits of the latter to Bayswater were not frequent enough to render his face very familiar to the servants there.

"*Mr.* Frost. I wish to see your master if he is at home."

"Oh, Mr. Lovegrove! I beg pardon, Sir; I asked because my mistress is gone. I suppose you know."

"Gone! Good Heavens! not dead?"

"Oh no, Sir; but she has left master, Sir. I shouldn't say any thing only you're of course so intimate, and such a friend."

"I had heard nothing! I had no idea! Perhaps you are mistaken. Mrs. Frost has merely gone on a visit—for a time. It *can't* be!"

"Well, Sir, I'm afraid you'll find it is true. As for our knowing it, why, we couldn't help ourselves. The next-door neighbors might have known it—very likely they do." (The speaker had already discussed the affair in its minutest details with half the servants in the neighborhood.) "And I'm glad you've chanced to come up to-night, Sir, for master's in a awful state—indeed, I thought that was what you come for."

Mr. Lovegrove was in much consternation.

"Do you think I had better try to see him?" he asked, doubtfully.

The very fact of his asking the servant's opinion would have sufficed to prove to any one who knew Mr. Lovegrove the extraordinary perturbation of his spirit.

"I think you had, Sir. *Some one* ought to see him. He's shut hisself up in his study since six o'clock, and wouldn't take food nor do nothing. Half an hour ago he opened his door and called to us that we might go to bed, and shut up the house as soon as we liked. We weren't to go near him again. He wanted nothing."

"I will go in," said Mr. Lovegrove, with decision. "I don't want you. I know my way."

The door of the little room behind the dining-room, which Mr. Frost occupied as his study, was shut. Mr. Lovegrove approached it and paused, hesitating whether or not he should knock for admission. But after a moment he turned the handle and went in.

Frost was sitting at a table with writing materials upon it. A tumbler with some brandy in it stood by his right hand. On the other side was placed a polished wooden box of peculiar shape. Before him lay two or three sheets of letter-paper closely covered with writing. At the opening of the door he looked up quietly, and tossed some papers over the box that stood on the table. He had expected to see the servant merely. When he recognized Lovegrove his face changed, and he looked at him fixedly without speaking. Lovegrove had no need to ask a question. The haggard countenance that met his eyes, with the light of the lamp falling full on it, was confirmation stronger than words that the servant had not exaggerated the state of matters.

"Frost!" he said, and held out his hand.

The other did not take it. "So you have heard!" he said, hoarsely.

"Only this instant. I was more overwhelmed—more amazed than I can say. I—I had some hope that the man—your servant—had misstated in some way. But I fear— My dear Frost, I feel for you if ever one man felt for another. I do, upon my soul!"

"Why did you come here, then?" asked Mr. Frost, in the same monotonous hoarse voice.

"I came—no matter now for the business that brought me here. I can not harass you with it now. But, Frost, you must not break down in this way! For all sakes you must take courage!"

"Break down!" echoed Frost, in precisely the same tone and manner as before; "no; I have not broken down."

"This," said Lovegrove, pointing to the brandy, "is a bad comforter and a worse counselor. You should take food; and perhaps a glass of sherry when you have eaten. God bless my soul! I—I—feel like a man in a dreadful dream! When did it happen? I mean, when did—did she—"

"She went away this afternoon. She was gone when I came home from the office. She took her maid, and her jewels, and her clothes. She was very fond of her clothes. They were the only objects that ever touched her affections." Sidney Frost laughed a short laugh as he said the last words: a laugh that made the man opposite to him shiver.

"For Heaven's sake, man, don't—don't laugh!—if that hideous sound can be termed a laugh. Then she—Mrs. Frost—did she go *alone?*"

"I tell you she was accompanied by all that she loved in the world! But you mean, did she elope? Did she leave me for a lover? Did she disgrace herself? Oh no! Not so. I would have you to understand that Mrs. Frost is a woman of spotless virtue—spotless, spotless virtue! She only breaks her husband's heart; but in no-wise tarnishes his honor."

And again the horrible laugh sounded through the room.

"Here is her letter. She left a letter. That was very considerate, was it not? Would you like to read it?"

Frost tossed a letter across the table to his partner, and then, leaning his elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands. Mr. Lovegrove read the letter slowly and attentively. When he had finished it he threw it down with an expression of disgust, and something like an oath rose to his lips.

"By G—! such heartlessness is incredible!"

Georgina Frost had left her home, as her husband had said, taking with her her jewels and the greater part of her costly wardrobe. She wrote that her life had long been intolerable to her; that her husband was either a ruined man, or was growing rapidly to a pitch of parsimony which threatened to become a monomania.

In the first case he would be relieved by her absence; in the second, she must decline to make herself a victim to his avarice and his temper. She was going to her mother and her widowed sister, who resided abroad. They would willingly receive her. Her mother's property would eventually be hers, and she had no scruple in accepting a home with her parent. If brighter days should come, they might meet again. But Sidney must be aware that his conduct and temper during the past three months had been such as to alienate her affection to a great extent. Indeed, there were moments when she had feared personal violence. He would scarcely be surprised—if indeed he were *at all surprised*—at the step she had taken. And she remained his affectionate and unhappy wife.

"Frost," said Mr. Lovegrove, laying his hand on the forsaken husband's arm, "you said something about a broken heart. You are not going to break your heart for a woman who could write such a letter as that!"

Mr. Frost looked up at him with a ghastly face. His features writhed and worked convulsively, but no tears fell from his hot eyes.

"What is the use of your talking?" he gasped out. "You did not love her. She was not your wife, your life, your idol. All these years that she lay in my bosom I loved her more and more day by day. I had not a thought nor a hope nor a wish that did not tend to her pleasure and comfort and happiness. I knew she did not love me as I loved her. How could she? How could any woman have the strength to love as I loved her? But I thought she had some gleam of kindness for me—some human pity. Not break my heart! It *is* broken, and crushed, and dead. The light has gone out of my life."

"Sidney Frost," exclaimed Lovegrove, suddenly springing up and laying his hand on the wooden box, the significance of which had at that moment flashed on his mind for the first time, "I thank Almighty God that I came here to-night to save you from an awful crime. Give me the pistol-case. I will have it. I am not afraid of you. Sit down. Sit down, and sit still. And listen to me!"

After a brief and unavailing struggle—for his strength was worn out, and he was, although a powerfully built man, no match just then for the other's cool, determined energy—Frost obeyed. He sank back into his chair, and a great burst of tears came to relieve his overcharged brain. Then Lovegrove talked to him gently and firmly. Mr. Lovegrove was not a man of commanding intellect; and he used many arguments at which Sidney had been accustomed to scoff, less from conviction than a careless, irreverent tone of mind, to which cynicism appeared a short and easy method of cutting sundry Gordian knots that could not be unraveled. But Lovegrove possessed the enormous advantages of thoroughly believing what he said, and of speaking with a heart-felt interest in the man he addressed. Gradually Frost grew calmer. He said nothing, but he listened at least with patience: and once he put out his hand, with his face turned away, and pressed the other man's for a moment.

"You—you do not know all," he faltered at length, when Lovegrove paused.

"Confide in me, Frost, I beseech you! We have known each other many years. We have always been friends, have we not? Confide in me fully. You will not repent doing so."

"I had written to you—a farewell letter—a letter of explanation. I had thought it would meet no human eye until I should be out of reach of— Well, I had made a clean breast of it. You may see it if you will. It matters little. I am past caring for any thing, I think. But I have a dull, dim sense of your goodness, Lovegrove. I *think* you are a good fellow."

Poor Mr. Lovegrove had little conception of the revelations that awaited him. His first act was to ring for the servant. He stood at the door of the room to prevent the man from entering it. When the servant appeared he bade him bring a tray with food: cold meat, or whatever could be had, he said, and a little wine and bread. This tray, when it was brought, he received at the door, and set before his partner with his own hands. Then he shut the door, and, standing over Frost, commanded him peremptorily to eat. Having seen the latter reluctantly swallow one or two mouthfuls, Mr. Lovegrove sat down, with the pistol-case under his elbow, to peruse the closely-written sheets of his partner's confession. More than once, during the perusal, Mr. Lovegrove wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and breathed hard, like a man undergoing severe bodily exertion. But he read on, with a steady, silent perseverance, little less than heroic. Frost had indeed, as he had said, made a clean breast of it.

The reader is already acquainted with the main points of the confession. He acknowledged his fraud in depriving Hugh Lockwood of his rightful inheritance during so many years—merely suppressing, with a lingering trait of the generous honor he had once possessed, and which he had forfeited for the wife who had deserted him, Zillah's part in the deception of her husband and her son. Then came a record of disastrous speculations, recklessly entered into, in the spirit of an unsuccessful gambler, who throws one stake to bring back another, and with the object of supplying the extravagant expenditure of his household. Debts pressed on every side. Latterly there had been the threat of disgrace and exposure should he fail to refund Hugh Lockwood's money. There had been a temporary gleam of hope when his attempt to borrow from Veronica had seemed crowned with success. The affairs of the wretched Parthenope Company had also, just at that time, flickered up into brightness. But a few hours had wrested this last hope from him. He received from Cesare a note, couched in the most courteous and almost affectionate terms, regretting much that the Principessa had been led by an impulse of sympathy (which Cesare begged to say he thoroughly shared) into promising that which it was out of their power to perform. Their expenses had been very heavy. And Mr. Frost was aware that the fortune inherited by Sir John Gale's widow represented only a comparatively small portion of the late baronet's wealth. In brief, Prince Cesare was deeply afflicted, but he could not lend Mr. Frost a guinea; and he trusted with all his heart that the latter would speedily tide over his embarrassments.

After getting this note Frost confessed that he had almost despaired. There was but one motive left to induce him to struggle on—Georgina. He reached his home, and found that she had fled from the falling house. Her letter, proving beyond all possibility of self-delusion that her heart was entirely hardened against him, had broken down the last remnant of his courage, and he had resolved, as Lovegrove had divined, to die by his own hand. Mr. Lovegrove thought long and anxiously as to the course it behooved him to follow; and at length, after a conversation which lasted far into the night, he made the following propositions to Mr. Frost. First, that the latter should retire from the partnership, giving up his share of the business to Augustus, who was now qualified to take it. For this concession Mr. Lovegrove would undertake at once to settle Hugh Lockwood's claim, and to make such other advances as might be agreed on hereafter. Secondly, Frost was to give his word that he would, as soon as his retirement from the firm of Frost and Lovegrove should be announced, call a meeting of his creditors, and lay his affairs candidly before them. If a composition was found to be impracticable, he must then become a bankrupt: but in an open and upright manner, giving up whatsoever property he had, without reserve.

Thus the disgrace of having the name of one of its members in the gazette would be averted from the firm, which point weighed a good deal with Mr. Lovegrove. Finally, Mr. Lovegrove would undertake to assist his former partner in any way that might seem, on due consideration, to be advisable, and within the limits of what he (Lovegrove) considered compatible with justice to his own family. All this Mr. Lovegrove set forth at length, and with a clearness of statement which, even in that depth of misery and despair in which he found himself, impressed Frost with the conviction that he had hitherto a little underestimated his partner's powers of mind.

"I am not in the least a sentimental man, you know, Frost," said Mr. Lovegrove. "And I do not pretend that in proposing these arrangements I am not, as far as is fair and practicable, consulting my own interests."

Nevertheless the fact was that the junior partner was willing to make more than one sacrifice for the senior, and to treat him with generosity. But Mr. Lovegrove would have been much angered had he been taxed with any such weakness as a tender desire to spare Sidney Frost's feelings at the expense of solid advantage to himself. Frost was broken down in mind and body. He had no will to oppose to that of his friend. And he knew in his heart that the other man was using his position with forbearing kindness. He agreed to all.

Mr. Lovegrove deemed it his duty to admonish Mr. Frost once more with some sternness on the fatal intention he had entertained.

"Suicide," said he, "is not only criminal, but cowardly. A man of your sort has better things to do than to die like a dog because he finds life hard."

He extorted from Frost a solemn promise that he would make no further attempt on his own life. And he did not leave him until he had seen him prepared for his night's rest.

"I think he will sleep," thought Mr. Lovegrove. "Nature is wearied out. And I believe there is no further fear of—*that!*"

Nevertheless, before quitting the house, Mr. Lovegrove took the precaution of plunging the loaded pistols into a basin of water, and then locking them up in the case, damp and dripping as they were.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A funny story is told of General S——, Secretary of the State of ——. The General has a sightly person, and knows it. Being at the dépôt in Sandusky a short time ago, walking the platform, in a plain linen duster, he was rather loudly accosted by a friend. An old codger, sitting in a car near, overheard the salutation, and remarked to a companion that he didn't believe that was the Secretary of State, nohow. "Hello, you," yelled the old codger to the General. "Be yeou the Secretary of State?" "That's what they call me," said the distinguished individual. "Wa'al, then," retorted the old chap, "I owe you an apology." "How so?" asked the Secretary of State. "Why, yeou see, this 'ere fellow said yeou was the Secretary of State, and I told him I didn't believe it; I stuck to it that you was a hog drover!" The conversation was abruptly broken off at this point.

Old John Berry that used to live up Lake Champlain liked to tell a big story. One evening sitting in the village store he said he once drove a horse seventy-two miles in one day on the ice, when the ice was so thin that the water spirted up through the holes cut through it by the horse's corks. One of the by-standers remarked that seventy-two miles was a pretty good drive for one day. "Yes," said Uncle John, "*but it was a long day in June.*"

There is a scene reported from the Paris Correctional Court: "Prisoner, what were you doing on the Boulevard?" "I was walking there." "How! at two o'clock in the morning?" "There is no article in the 'code' which says I may not walk on the Boulevard at two o'clock in the morning." "Where do you live?" "I prefer not to answer that on account of my creditors." "What have you to say in your defense?" "That I have done nothing; if I have robbed or assassinated any one, let it be proved, and let me be guillotined. Last night there were heaps of men walking. They were not arrested because they had money. I, having no money, am a criminal. If I had the means of passing the night at a restaurant nothing would be said to me. What harm if I choose to walk? Do they believe that I am wearing out the road? If so, let them condemn me for that. This is my defense." "One question more: what do you do for a living?" "*I sell second-hand tooth-picks.*"

A raw Jonathan who had been gazing at a garden in the vicinity of a city, in which were several marble statues, exclaimed: "Just see what a waste! Here's no less than six scarecrows in this little ten-foot patch, and any on 'em would keep the crows from a five-acre lot."

Where to find Milkmen—At the watering-places.

At a restaurant the other day the antics of a green-looking customer, who was twisting up in his chair, and turning round in all sorts of contortions, attracted attention. Approaching him, finally, the restaurant man asked, in deep perplexity, "What do you do that for? For Heaven's sake, what is the matter? Was it the cucumbers?" "Cucumbers be darned!" growled the victim, with well-feigned anger; "I'm only taking my dessert." "Your dessert?" "Yes—look at your bill of fare." We threw our eyes over it. It enumerated some dozen good things for dinner, and at the bottom were printed in fair large type the words, "*For dessert, turn over!*"

How to Manage Bachelors—To miss-manage them.

A burly Teuton, whose taste for lager could not be disputed, entered a city car one day with a huge meerschaum in his mouth, and, taking the only vacant seat, proceeded to roll forth volumes of smoke. The conductor, seeing this violation of rules, stepped up to him and said: "No smoking allowed." The Dutchman, taking his pipe from his mouth with an air of astonishment, thus replied to the polite conductor: "I don't make no noise ven I schmokes."

A young lady, wishing to entangle a young man in the meshes of Cupid, sent him the following invitation:

"Oh, will you come to tea with I,
And help me eat a custard pie?"

To which the young man, with corresponding sentiment and grammar, replied:

"Another one's asked me to tea,
And I must go and sup with she."

Long Faces.—"Barber," said a farmer to his tonsor, "now corn's cheap, you ought to shave for half price." "Can't, Mr. Jones," said the man of razors. "I ought really to charge more, for when corn's down farmers make such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."

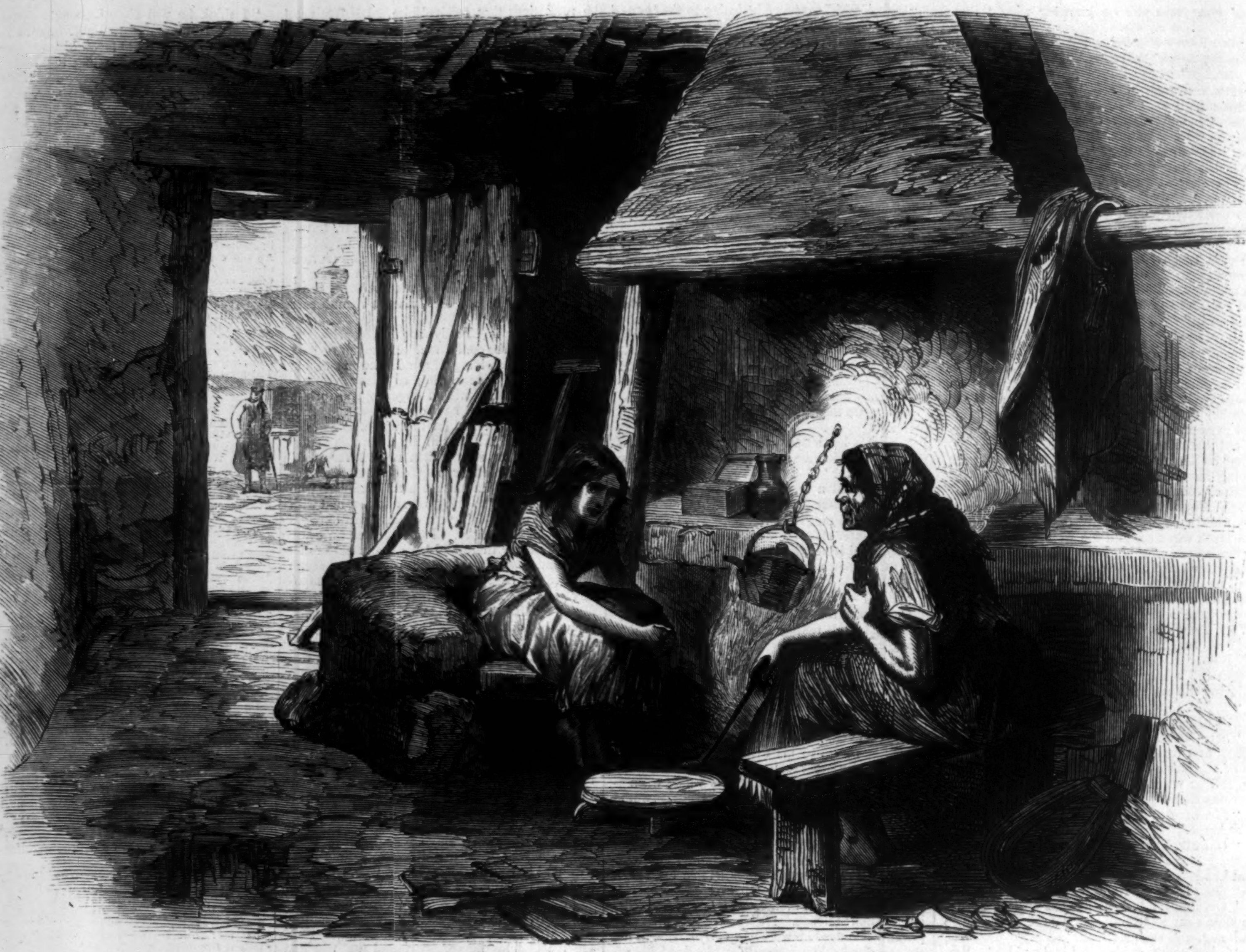
A young lady pupil in a Western female college thus closes a letter to a friend: "But I must stop, for here comes a soph. who parts his hair in the middle, and wears a mustache that pricks dreadful."

New Orleans relates a case of absent-mindedness. A gentleman, writing a letter at his breakfast-table, dipped his pen in the coffee and continued his letter. Noticing his mistake, he put a large lump of sugar in the ink, and then, finding his second blunder, poured the contents of the inkstand into the coffee-cup to set it right.

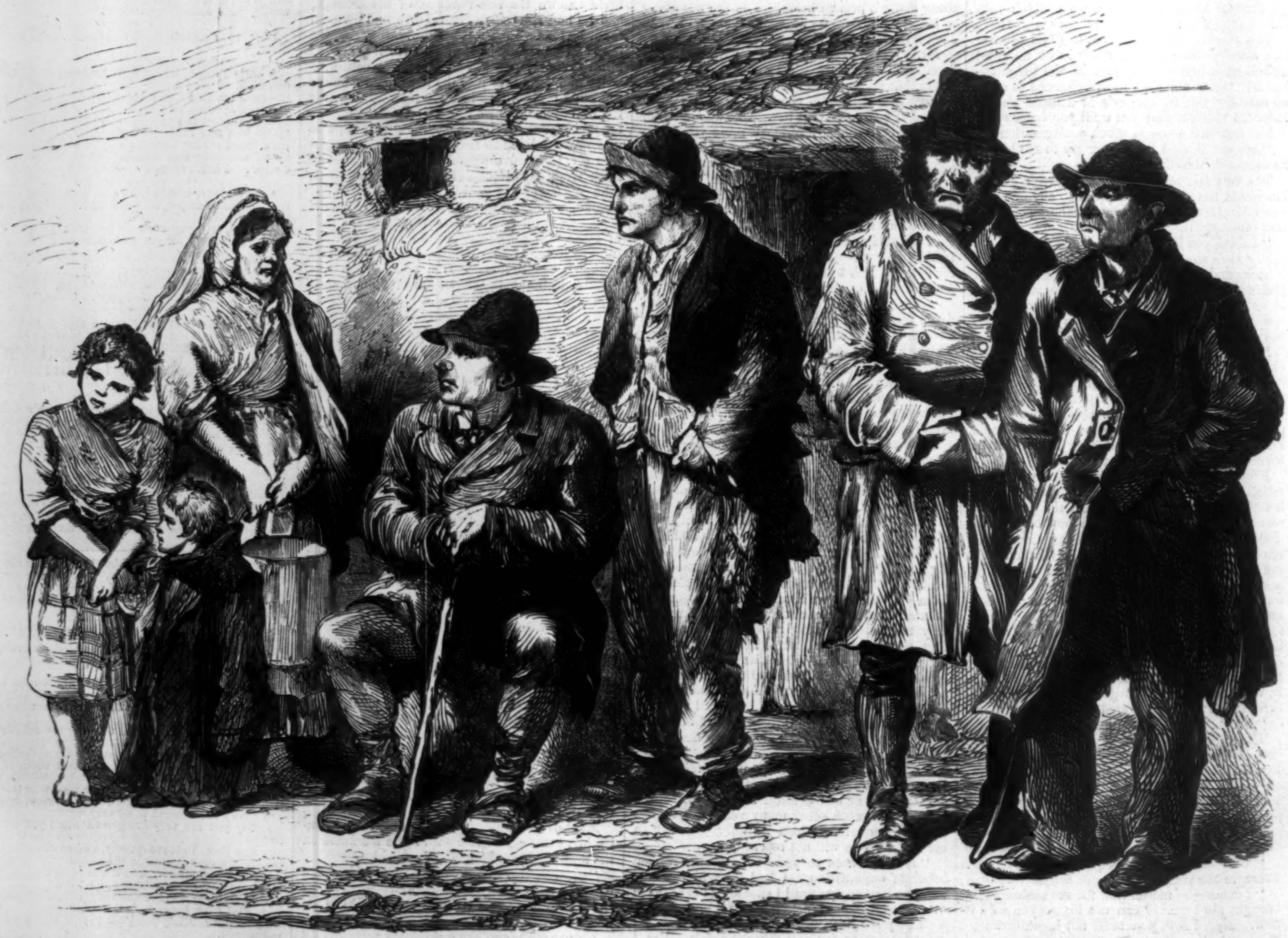
A juryman was asked whether he had been charged by the judge. "Well," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and stares over the crowd gin us a lecture, but I don't know whether he charges any thing or not."

HOW TO ACT IN EVENT OF BURGLARY.

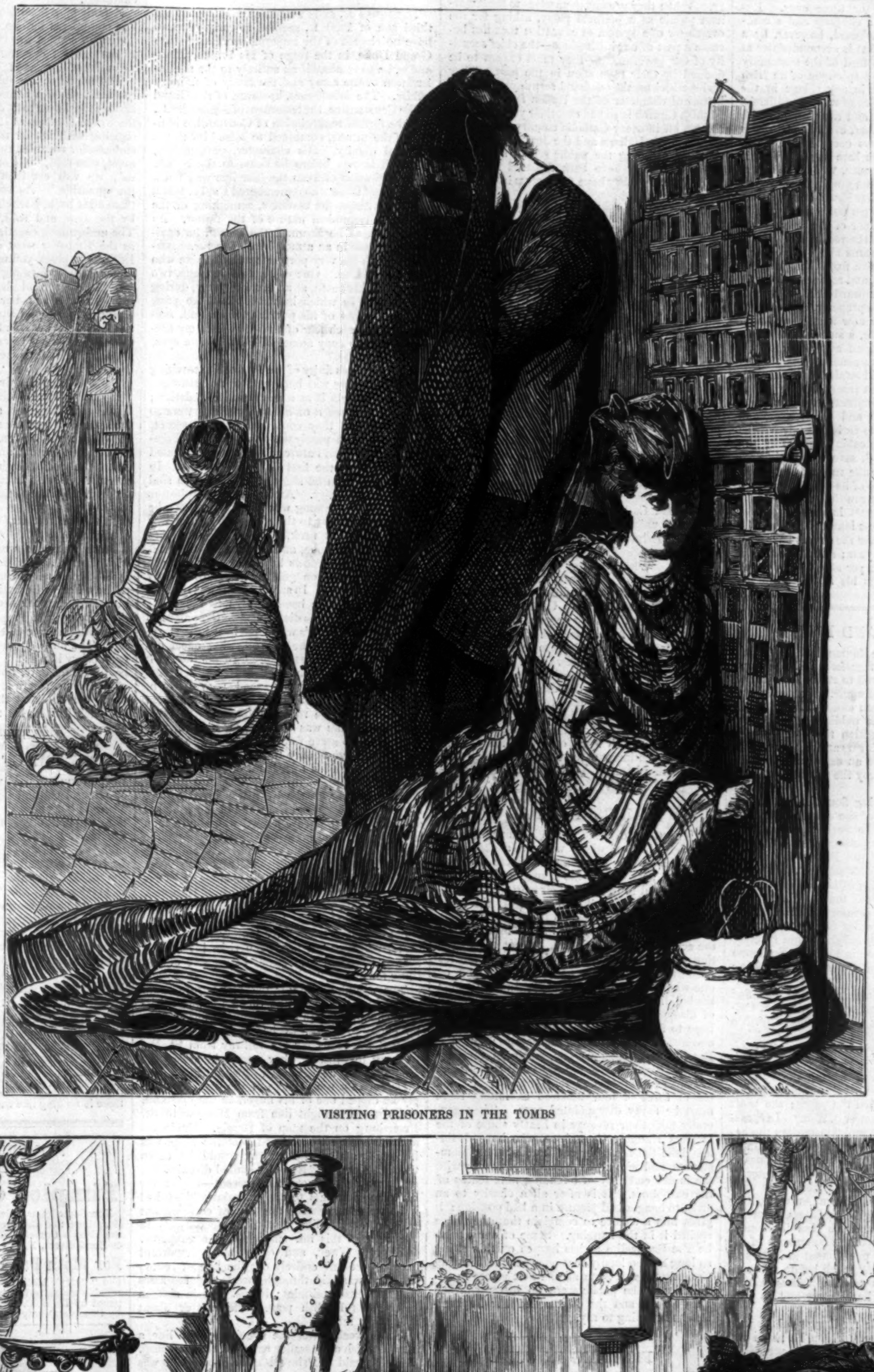
1. Lie very still, and draw the bed-clothes over your head.
2. Sit up and listen.
3. Pinch your wife, and tell her she ought to be ashamed of herself.
4. Tell her to go down stairs and see what's the matter.
5. Call out for the servants to order the robbers off the premises.
6. If the burglars still persist in their nefarious occupation, go on the landing, and ask them if they know what they're about.
7. If they don't desist now, make your wife tell them that in your opinion they are wicked men, and that you have a great mind to be very angry.
8. Say you are very dangerous when you are once roused.
9. Beg them to leave quietly, and so obviate the necessity of a disturbance in the house.
10. Ask them if they would like some cold meat and pickles, and a glass of beer and a pipe.
11. Let them have what they like, do what they like, and give them a dollar each besides. When they've gone, bring out your pistols and send for a policeman.
12. Go to bed again, and say that the only reason why you didn't go down stairs at first, punch all their heads, shoot them, and take them prisoners, was that you didn't want to disturb the neighbors.



IRISH SKETCHES—INTERIOR OF A MUD CABIN AT KILDARE.—[See Page 301.]



IRISH SKETCHES—COTTAGERS AT KILDARE.—[See Page 301.]



VISITING PRISONERS IN THE TOMBS

IN THE TOMBS.

One of the saddest sights that meet the eye of the visitor to the gloomy prison in Centre Street, known as "The Tombs," is that so accurately and feelingly depicted in the first engraving on this page—a sight that may be witnessed every day. The artist has represented one of the long, narrow passages which lead between the rows of cells, against whose grated doors are kneeling grief-stricken women. Through the heavy bars may be caught a glimpse of some poor wretch who, perhaps, has just been arrested, and whose hand clasps that of his wife who has come to comfort him. By her side is her basket, which she has brought laden with better provisions than the jail rations, to which he would otherwise be subjected, while near by stands another woman, dressed in deep mourning—a sister, or perhaps the mother—and who seems overcome with her sorrow. Under certain restrictions, necessary to good order and discipline, these humane visitations are constantly permitted by the prison authorities, and are a grateful alleviation of the discomforts of close confinement behind the bars of a cell.

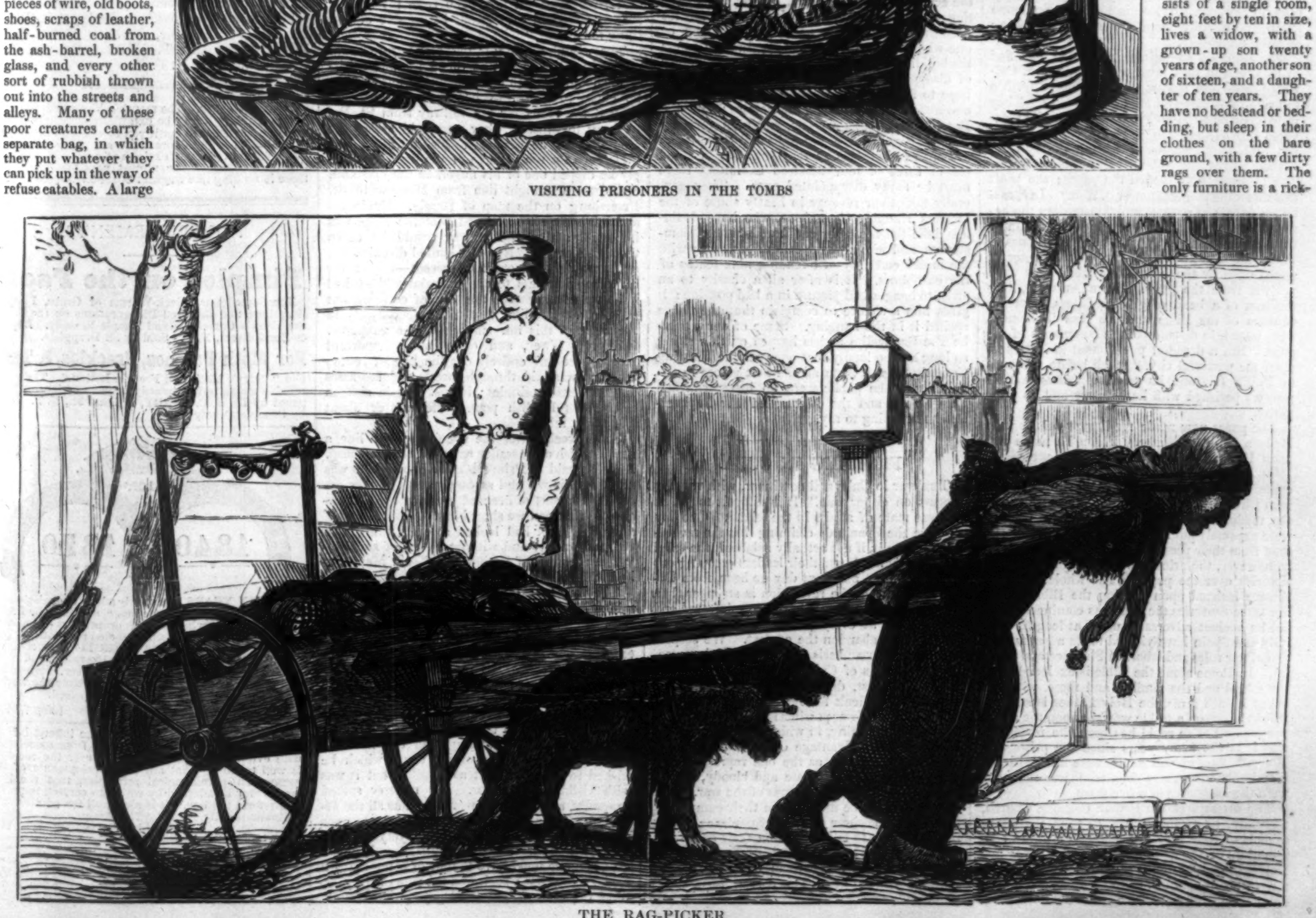
THE RAG-PICKER.

The business of rag-picking, in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, gives employment and a living to a very large number of men and women, sometimes estimated as high as fifteen hundred. It is not confined to the collection and sale of rags. The poor scavengers despise nothing that can be sold—bits of old iron, pieces of wire, old boots, shoes, scraps of leather, half-burned coal from the ash-barrel, broken glass, and every other sort of rubbish thrown out into the streets and alleys. Many of these poor creatures carry a separate bag, in which they put whatever they can pick up in the way of refuse eatables. A large proportion of the rag-pickers are foreigners, and mostly Germans, who sometimes make the trade very profitable in the end. With the patience characteristic of the race, they live for months and even years in the most wretched manner, lodging in the vilest cellars and garrets, and subsisting on refuse food. All this time they keep adding to their little hoard in the savings bank, until they have accumulated enough to move out West and buy a farm.

The rag-pickers sometimes present a decidedly picturesque appearance, with a barrel or bag strapped upon the back; others, a grade higher in the business, provide themselves with a dog-cart, like the one shown in the engraving. In this case the owner—an old German woman—has just started out in the early morning. Before noon it will be heaped to the very bells; and then she will make her way to the cellar where her load will be assorted for sale. The earnings of these rag-pickers vary from five to ten dollars per week, according to good luck and diligence.

IRISH COTTAGES.

We give on the opposite page two engravings—one showing the interior of an Irish cottage, the other a too common street scene in an Irish village—from which our readers can form a very fair notion of the condition of the Irish peasantry at home. The sketches were made in the principal street of Kildare, and are accurate representations of the actual state of things in that town. A correspondent, writing from that place, says that in one cottage, which consists of a single room, eight feet by ten in size, lives a widow, with a grown-up son twenty years of age, another son of sixteen, and a daughter of ten years. They have no bedstead or bedding, but sleep in their clothes on the bare ground, with a few dirty rags over them. The only furniture is a rick-



THE RAG-PICKER.

ety table and a broken bench, with an iron pot and kettle and two or three cups. Except that it actually has a chimney and a comparatively lofty roof, blackened, however, by a century of smoke, and that it accommodates at night simply a donkey instead of the customary pig, this is about as bad a specimen of an Irish cabin as could be found in any village in the county. There are puddles of water in different places on the mud floor, and the planks of the door very nearly tumble apart every time it opens or shuts. The widow who occupies the cabin, although in rags, and with bare legs and feet, is a person of some intelligence, who has a good choice of language, and has taught her children to read, if not to write; her idea being "there's nothing like education to get on in the world."

To judge of the character of the poor people who live in these cabins, the reader has only to look at the group of peasants about the cottage door, every one being drawn from life. The old man seated on the bench, and resting both hands heavily on his staff, is upward of eighty years old. He was born on the property, and remembered the cabins as they now are when a boy. His condition is, no doubt, a sufficiently forlorn one, as he describes himself as being "only a lodger." The young man standing next to him is the eldest son of the widow already spoken of; and the other old man at the extreme right of the engraving is a poor debilitated looking creature, with hacking cough and glassy eyes, and having death at no remote period plainly written in his countenance. The cabin occupied by him contains two rooms; and, save its sleeping accommodation, which is alike rude and unclean, is tidily enough furnished of its kind.

These miserable cabins are the property of the Earl of Kildare, the largest landed proprietor, and reputed to be the best landlord, in Ireland. For such a wretched shelter the tenant pays from ten to fifteen dollars per year; and at the rate of about forty dollars a year per acre for the patch of land on which he rears his little crop of potatoes.

PRINTERS AND POPES.

As the war between the Roman Catholic Church and the Bible has been transferred from Europe to America, it may be well to recall some of the earlier incidents of the struggle. For three centuries the popes have been endeavoring to chain the press, to prevent the publication of Bibles. Almost at its very invention the clank of the printing-press had to their ears an ominous sound. Said an English vicar, in an early period of the contest, "We must destroy the printing-press or it will destroy us."

At Paris, where printing flourished with rare excellence in the dawn of the sixteenth century (1534), the popes and the Sorbonne were perfectly successful. Every printer detected in publishing a translation of the Bible was burned alive. A printer was condemned to the stake for having prepared an edition of Luther's works; a bookseller, for having sold them. Henry Stephens, the accomplished printer and scholar, fled from Paris to avoid a similar fate. Amidst the general persecution none suffered more severely than the printers. At last, in 1535, the Sorbonne obtained an edict from the king suppressing printing altogether.

The printers, meantime, unterrified, had fled to Switzerland or Germany. At Geneva, Calvin's presses ran incessantly, and poured forth a full tide of Bibles and Protestant works. They were distributed over France by a band of devoted *colporteurs*, who, in the midst of danger, toil, and death, wandered through the by-ways of their native land selling their forbidden wares. The printers boldly defied the popes: the press overthrew the political power of Rome. In Strasbourg, Mentz, Antwerp, and Amsterdam the heretical engine still kept up its incessant clamor. Of Luther's catechism one hundred thousand were sold, and his smallest tracts were eagerly seized upon by the booksellers while they were yet wet from the press. From Antwerp, long the seat of a band of gifted printers, immense editions of the Bible and the New Testament were issued, in defiance of the commands of the pope. But a dreadful punishment at last came upon the powerful city. It fell before the arms of Philip II., and its printing-presses and its printers perished with its industry and its prosperity.

The popes now made reading or printing the Bible a political offense. Philip II. made war upon Holland chiefly to destroy its press. In 1559 Paul IV. issued an *Index Expurgatorius*, containing a list of books prohibited by the Roman Church. It embraced all Bibles printed in the modern languages, and sixty-one printers were expressly put under the ban. All works issued from their presses were condemned. Slowly, however, the printers began to win a series of victories over the popes. The whole North of Europe insisted upon reading the Bible freely. For three centuries the press has continued to assail its ancient adversary, until, at length, even Italy and Spain have yielded to its assaults, and the printer rules and labors in Florence and Madrid. In Rome alone the Bible is excluded from the school and the family; and there, with the aid of French arms, the Holy Father is still enabled to keep up a feeble warfare upon the active printers. Yet so rapid has been the revolution that it is not many years since the prisons of Bologna, Faenza, and Naples were filled with political offenders, whose chief crime was that they were the advocates of a free press.

The attempt of the Roman Catholic Church, therefore, to exclude the Bible from the public schools of New York or Cincinnati is only a continuation of the policy that led the popes and their adherents to burn printers alive at Paris in the sixteenth century, or to throw them into the dungeons of Rome or Bologna in the nineteenth. The Roman Catholics can not complain of history. When they present themselves to the American public as a political party, asking for the overthrow of a system of education that has become a part of our institutions—the chief security of our government—they must expect to be judged by their reputation in the past. They invite criticism, they demand scrutiny. But the historical character of the Italian faction in the Romish Church is so bad that their yoke has been thrown off in every Catholic country of Europe. And it is the Italians and the Jesuits alone who are now assailing the public school system of America. They have been defeated in Spain, Italy, Austria; they hope for success in the elections of New York.

To the Italian faction in the Romish Church may be traced all those cruel acts that have covered it with shame. When France was on the verge of reform the popes and the Italian bishops interfered and filled it with bloodshed. When Italy was ready to purify its Church Paul III. founded the Inquisition, and exterminated the liberal Catholics. At the Council of Trent the Italian bishops forced upon reluctant Germany and France the policy of death to the reformers. Of their falsehood and their fraud history records endless examples. Yet it is such a faction, covered with misdeeds of which it has never repented, of which it still covertly boasts, that asks a free government to aid it in excluding the Bible from the school, and knowledge from the people.

It is quite likely that many liberal Catholics do not share in that dread of the Bible or of Protestant writers professed by their Italian rulers. Germany, and even France, possess many able thinkers who are not afraid of a free press. But the Roman Catholic Church in America seems at present united in its assault upon the public schools. It has organized itself into a political party; it proposes to demand what it desires at the polls. Whatever may be the result of the struggle, however it may end, the attempt to bring religion into party politics will come wholly from the Roman Catholic Church. To every serious thinker this must seem a most unhappy event. That a foreign sect, ruled by an Italian priest, should attempt openly to control the elections of Cincinnati or New York is almost as unwise as it was for the Sorbonne to burn printers, or for the popes to decree death to all readers of the Bible. We may trust that all liberal Roman Catholics will shrink from the dangerous policy of their ultramontane leaders, and avoid that contest which must otherwise follow with the public sentiment of the country in which they have found a home.

VARNISHING DAY.

"VARNISHING DAY" at the National Academy of Design, of which we give a sketch on page 292—when those artists whose pictures have been accepted by the Hanging Committee are permitted to touch up their works for the last time before the Exhibition opens—is the most trying period of the year to those who are thus interested. The artist has been informed of the acceptance of his picture, but not of its position on the walls—for the Hanging Committee keep their secrets well; and, if a young man, or one who has been unfortunate before, he enters the building on Varnishing Day with forebodings of disappointment in his heart, hoping against hope to find that his work has been appreciated and awarded a position appropriate to its merits. But the best places are few, and even very desirable ones, in respect to light and "the line," are not as numerous as they ought to be; and out of three or four hundred exhibitors there must be many disappointed ones. They generally take their revenge in hearty abuse of the luckless Hanging Committee, who have doubtless done the best they could under the circumstances, and who always perform their duty with the moral certainty of offending nine-tenths of the exhibitors. It is after all a charity to an artist to hang a bad picture in a bad position; it gives him a chance to complain that they have spoiled it in the hanging. Some of our would-be Pre-Raphaelite artists harped on this string so long and so loudly that one year the Hanging Committee gave them all the best places in the galleries. The public were no better satisfied than before, and the discomfited Pre-Raphaelites had nothing to say.

FIGHTING IN CUBA.

THE war in Cuba still continues, with varying success on either side. It is difficult to get at the true state of affairs in the island. One day we have the Spaniards claiming that the revolution is morally if not actually subdued, the rebel armies disbanded, and their leaders escaping out of the country; and next day we hear, from Cuban sources, that the revolution is stronger than ever, that the Spaniards have been defeated and driven back at every point, and will soon be compelled to abandon the contest. We suspect both stories have a basis of truth. The insurrectionary districts of Cuba are mountainous, covered with forest, destitute of good roads, and exceedingly difficult for regular military operations. The only war possible is a desultory, guerrilla style of fighting, in which the insurgent has always a great advantage over the regular soldier. Such a battle as the one represented on page 293, though desperate and bloody, has no effect on the ultimate fortunes of the war. The insurgents may be driven from their camp, only to gather somewhere else; the Spaniards may be repulsed, only to fall back upon their own lines, where the poorly-armed and ill-disciplined insurgents can not follow them, and prepare for a renewal of the attack. This sort of warfare may go on for years.

NICHOLAS I. OF RUSSIA.

NICHOLAS I., as is well known, being but the third son of Paul I., seemed in early years to have no chance of the imperial succession. As Grand Duke, in the reign of his brother Alexander, he gave himself up entirely to the administration of the army and the study of military affairs. The *mésalliance*, however, of the Grand Duke Constantine, the testament of Alexander I., and the formal renunciation of Constantine himself of the throne, combined to raise him to the imperial dignity. His character, nevertheless, was well known before he came to the crown. His admiration of Ivan the Terrible was not a secret; and those who remembered Paul I. found in him, without the madness, something of the imperious tyrannical nature of the father. As soon, then, as he assumed the crown, he environed himself in an atmosphere of terror. After his death his very portrait terrified those who had known him. One of his aids-de-camp, two years after his death, at an evening party, during a discussion in which he wanted to take part, turned the face of his portrait to the wall, saying, "I had such fear of the original in my lifetime, that the copy alone, with its terrible eyes, embarrasses me."

The relentless fixity of the dull, cold, searching eyes of Nicholas was both terrible and strange; he counted upon it as a means of intimidation; and when he used it on his subjects, they were so fascinated that they could withhold no secret, and were often paralyzed with terror. Forebodings of the real nature of his character created conspiracies in the first days of his reign. In suppressing them he showed that he had a soul impervious to pity. Among the conspirators condemned to be hung was the poet Relieff: he was taken the first to the gibbet, the halter was placed round his neck, he was launched into space, the rope broke, and he fell upon the scaffold. "Nobody knows how to do any thing in Russia," he said, on getting up; "they can't even make a rope!" In such a case it was thought pardon would have been granted to the poet; and a messenger was dispatched to the palace to ask for the Emperor's will. He heard the story. "Ah! the rope broke! Well, what effect did this contact with eternity produce on the spirit of the rebel?" "He has a brave spirit, Sire." "What did he say?" he asked, with a frown. He was told. "Let them prove to him, then, that we can make ropes in Russia." A great Polish nobleman was condemned, for the same conspiracy, to serve for life as a private in the army, and to go at once to the Caucasus. Nicholas wrote with his own hand on the sentence, "On foot."

One morning, as the Neva was breaking up, the Emperor perceived from one of the windows of the Winter Palace a crowd watching a man leaping across the masses of floating ice on the river toward the opposite bank. He called his aid-de-camp. "Look at that madman. What courage! Go, learn why the maniac risks his life in that way." The aid-de-camp returned. "Sire, he is a peasant, who has made a bet of twenty-five rubles that he will cross the Neva." "Let him have twenty-five blows with a stick," said Nicholas; "a man who risks his life for such a wretched sum would be capable of any thing for money."

The willfulness of his despotic nature could not endure that even the theodolite and spirit-level should point to any conclusion but such as he chose to adopt. When the engineers had studied the plans for the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, they were laid before the Emperor, and he was asked which towns he gave preference for the passage of the line. For reply he dipped one of his fingers in the inkstand, and drew a straight line from Moscow to St. Petersburg on the map of Russia. Engineers and ministers all exclaimed that the thing was impossible; that the railway would be taken through a desert. Nicholas smiled disdainfully, and turning to a courtier present—known for his obsequiousness to the imperial will—asked if he would undertake the task of carrying out his plans. The line was made accordingly in the trace of this ink-smudge of the Emperor. Novgorod, Twer, and other most important places were left entirely out the line of route; the road was laid through forests and morasses and immense solitudes: it cost Russia sixteen millions of English pounds sterling, or about £32,000 a mile.

Some weeks after the opening of the line, a new Turkish embassador came to St. Petersburg. Nicholas said to Prince Mentschikoff—who was noted for his wit and sarcasm, and who was accepted as a sort of licensed jester by the Emperor—"What can we show him to astonish him?" after the Turk had looked at every thing with Oriental gravity and without a sign of surprise. "The accounts of Kleinmichel," said Mentschikoff, "for the Nicholas Railway."

The very balls of the palace were directed in military style and with military precision. At the one end of the hall of St. George, the Emperor, on foot and in a general's uniform, stood erect beneath the baldaquin, decorated with medals of the imperial orders, towering above the dignitaries of the court and the diplomatic body around him. At a stroke of the bow, given by the chief of the orchestra, the dances were executed one after the other with a military precision. Nicholas, though he did not like balls, assisted at those of his court, which he wished to be as brilliant as possible, but it was with visible bad humor. His majesty sulked generally, and spoke no word; and as all the aristocracy, as a rule, fashioned its countenance after that of its sovereign, the gayety of these festivals was something unimaginable. But nevertheless one must have the air of being amused at the same time; such was the rule of the master. So, what with affected gayety and real ennui, these imperial balls were of an indescribable character.

A fault of etiquette was a crime, and if such was committed by one of his chamberlains, still deeper, of course, was its hue. The story of the punishment of one unfortunate chamberlain is still remembered at St. Petersburg.

The Emperor was talking with a foreign embassador, when a chamberlain approached, and invited the latter to "do her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg the honor of dancing with her in the next quadrille." The embassador regarded the Emperor with astonishment, who said, "Go and dance with my daughter; we will continue our conversation after the quadrille." As soon as the minister had turned his back, Nicholas seized the chamberlain by the arm, and said, "Animal! stay here." The unfortunate courtier seemed turned to stone as the Emperor went on: "Triple blockhead! In the first place, you might have chosen another moment for performing the mission of my daughter. In the second place, you gave her a wrong title. She is not her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg, but her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolowna. In the third place, it is the princess, hearest thou, who does her partners the honor to dance with them." "Pardon, pardon, Sire!" cried the chamberlain, with a piteous mien. "No; I will be without pity for so gross a fault," said Nicholas, shaking him violently by the arm. "These are my orders: after the lights are out, thou shalt remain here till nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and keep on walking up and down the room, crying out, *Ja dourak! Ja dourak!* I am a brute! I am a brute!" The unfortunate chamberlain carried out his punishment with the most religious scrupulousness, such was his terror of the possible results of disobedience.

More fortunate was a guest of the palace, who, though a good dancer, had the misfortune to fall down as he danced with the Empress, and to draw her with him in his fall. As the unfortunate dancer took his place behind the chair of the Empress, the Emperor walked straight up to him with a severe face, and took him by the collar. The unhappy man wished the earth would open below him as the Emperor dragged him off; he took him only, however, to a farther corner of the room, where stood a porcelain vase with powdered chalk at the bottom of it, in which Nicholas invited his terrified captive to rub his feet.

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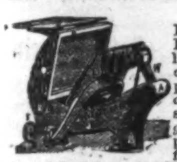

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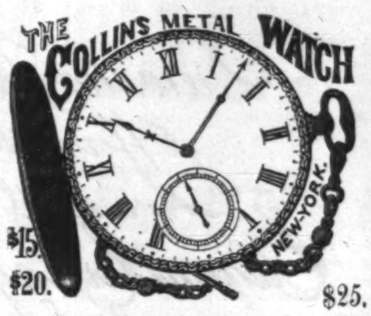

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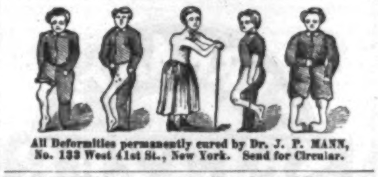

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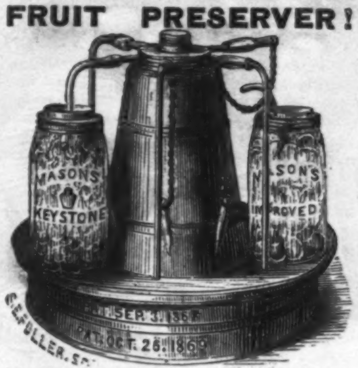

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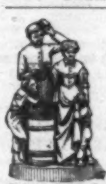

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